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by Jim Holt

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SEPTEMBER 24
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New Brunswick, New Jersey

NOVEMBER 2
"Road to the White House"
New Hampshire Democratic Party Midterm Convention in Manchester, New Hampshire

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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A Weekly Journal of Opinion

OCTOBER 7, 1991

FOUNDED 1914
WASHINGTON, D.C.
ISSUE 4,003

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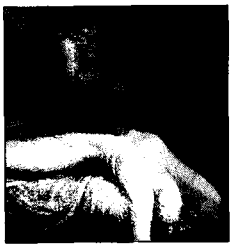

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THE NEW REPUBLIC, Vol. 205, Number 15, Issue 4,003 , October 7, 1991. (Printed in the U.S. on September 18, 1991.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated Jan. 7 & 14, July 15 & 22, Aug. 19 & 26, and Sept. 16 & 23, 1991) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. The New Republic/National Review joint advertising (212) 679-7330. Yearly subscriptions, $69.97; foreign, $99.97; Canada, $84.97. Back issues, $3.50 (includes postage & handling). © 1991 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. Microform, CD-ROM, issue and article copies are available through University Microfilms Intnl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Telephone 1-800-521-0600. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Subscribers: Please send all remittances, changes of address, and subscription inquiries to Subscription Service Dept., The New Republic, P.O. Box 56515, Boulder, CO 80322. For subscription problems call 800-274-6686.

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FROM WASHINGTON

Ten-year itch

The Rushmorization of Ronald Reagan will feature, over the next few years, celebrations of the tenth anniversary of his various achievements. We just survived the first one, marking the legendary 1981 tax cut that supposedly kicked off the Reagan economic revolution. Most of the argument over Reagan's tax legacy has focused on distributional questions: Did the rich get richer while the middle class stagnated and the poor suffered? Robert McIntyre of Citizens for Tax Justice made that case convincingly (of course, I'm an easy sell) in these pages last week.

But Reagan never claimed to be Robin Hood. What he did claim is that he would cut taxes and lower the deficit, thereby stimulating private savings and investment and producing economic growth. How do those claims stand up?

Federal taxes took 20.1 percent of GNP in fiscal 1981 and will take 18.9 percent in 1991, a slight drop. (The 1989 figure was 19.3 percent, so you can't blame George Bush.) State tax increases to make up for lost federal payments probably more than make up the difference. Reaganites will say: wait a minute, that 1981 tax cut was followed by a decade of almost annual tax increases. True enough. All were enacted over Reagan's famous dead body and Bush's famous read lips. Without them, the decade's $2 trillion addition to the national debt would have been even larger. But you can't claim that tax cuts produced an economic miracle while conceding that the tax cuts were largely imaginary. That would be a miracle indeed.

Technically, the Reaganites' claim was merely that cutting marginal tax *rates* would produce a miracle, and marginal rates have indeed come down. On the hustings, Republicans understandably have not dwelt on the difference between lower tax rates and lower taxes, hoping people might miss the point. But anyway, the biggest lowering of tax rates came in the 1986 tax reform. The Official History of Reaganism presents this as part of a continuum with the 1981 cut. The real connection between the two is that the 1981 bill led to many large corporations paying no taxes whatsoever. When McIntyre and his group pointed this out, there was a huge fuss and the Reagan administration defensively embraced a concept—closing loopholes and lowering rates—originally pushed by Democrats Bill Bradley and Dick Gephardt.

As for the deficit, you know what happened. Those who used to decry it routinely ten years ago pooh-pooh it routinely today. Former Reagan aide Martin Anderson, now at the Hoover Institution, has a small campaign dedicated to establishing that no Reagan official ever claimed that tax cuts would actually increase revenues. The true faith, Anderson says, was merely that cuts "would not lose as much revenue as one might expect." Maybe so, but the Reaganites certainly did not trouble to distance themselves from those—such as Arthur Laffer, brandishing his curve—who made the "free lunch" claim.

If Anderson is correct, though, this lends credence to Pat Moynihan's well-known conspiracy theory that the tax cuts were intended to bankrupt the government on purpose, forcing cuts in spending. If so, they were a miserable failure, and not because Congress was recalcitrant. Over the years, the amounts Reagan proposed to spend in his presidential budgets were about the same as what Congress ended up appropriating. The disagreements were over allocation, mainly defense versus social welfare.

The result: federal government spending will take 23.9 percent of GNP this year, compared with 22.7 percent in fiscal 1981, a Jimmy Carter production. (The 1989 figure was 22.3 percent, so once again you can't blame George Bush for squandering the legacy.) The items that have gone up are Social Security, defense, and interest on the debt. As McIntyre notes, the GNP share taken by the rest of the government (excluding the S&L bailout) has shrunk dramatically, from 9.9 percent of GNP to 7.4 percent. Whatever you may think of spending on defense or Social Security, the 1980s did not feature presidential attempts to prune either one. So the budget deficit cannot be pinned on a "big-spending Congress."

Savings? Personal savings plummeted in the 1980s. Princeton economist Alan Blinder points out in his book *Growing Together* (Whittle Books) that the average person was saving 23 percent less in 1990 than in inflationary 1980. With help from huge government deficits, the net national savings rate also sank: it averaged 16.8 percent of GNP in the decade before annus mirabilis 1981, 13.7 percent in the decade afterward. McIntyre calculates that business investment grew 2.1 percent annually in 1981 thru 1986, the glory years of special business tax incentives (like the capital gains preference), and 4.9 percent a year in 1986 through 1989, after tax reform wiped many of these out.

On the other hand, there's no denying that the 1980s were a prosperous period, after the 1981-82 recession. That recession has a sensitive place in the Reagan legend. Reaganites say that their man cannot be blamed for a downturn that was preordained, but they do not shy away from taking credit for the end of inflation, which that recession accomplished. Nothing about the 1981 tax cut even arguably tended to curtail inflation. Fed Chairman Paul Volcker did that, setting the stage for the 1980s boom and eventually getting involuntarily retired for his troubles.

The growth that began in 1982 was often described as America's "longest peacetime expansion," a locution designed to exclude the 1960s. But economically the 1980s were not peacetime. The defense buildup and its accompanying deficits were just as stimulative, in an old-fashioned Keynesian way, as the Vietnam War had been. Much of the 1980s economic growth can also be attributed to women and baby boomers entering the work force. Perhaps lower marginal tax rates induced women who otherwise would have stayed home to take paying jobs, or perhaps it was that two incomes came to be needed to support a middle-class lifestyle that formerly could be financed by one.

But the spectacular 1980s are overrated in any event. As Rob Shapiro of the Progressive Policy Institute, a Democratic think tank, observes, the decade's famous 20 million new jobs (measured from the pit of the recession in 1982) is certainly rivaled by the 13 million new jobs created in just the last four years of the 1970s. From January 1983 to the beginning of the current recession, real output grew an average of 4.15 percent a year. It grew 4.35 percent a year during the dread late 1970s, gas lines and all.

Of course the late 1970s were a fool's paradise, leading directly to the superinflation and subsequent vertiginous plunge of the early 1980s. The rest of the 1980s were a different fool's paradise, in which different warnings were equally ignored. Which brings us back to 1991.

MICHAEL KINSLEY

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WHERE WE STAND

By Albert Shanker, President of the American Federation of Teachers

Achievement in Public and Private Schools

What's the *Real* Score?

Right now, members of the Bush administration are stumping the country saying that the best way for us to meet the national education goals is to use public funds to send kids to private schools. They argue that private schools take students just like the ones in public schools and do a much better job with them. But as I said last week, the results of the recent National Assessment of Educational Progress (NAEP) math exams tell a different story.

On average, NAEP results show, private school students score only slightly higher than kids from public schools. This is amazing because youngsters in private schools are a far more advantaged group, so they should be leaving public school students behind in the dust. Just as damaging to the claims of private school superiority is the fact that, when you match public and private school students who take similar courses, they get about the same scores.

It's a myth that private schools take in the same kinds of youngsters as public schools. For one thing, NAEP data show that nearly twice as many parents of public school students are school dropouts—and that 50 percent more private school parents are college graduates. Public schools also have about three times as many students whose families have incomes under $15,000 as private schools do. At the other end of the scale, over three times as many private school students come from families with incomes of $50,000 or above as kids from public schools.

Since parental education and family income are both associated with student achievement, it's no small wonder that, when you look only at average scores, private school students seem to outperform youngsters from public schools. But try comparing the NAEP scores of high school seniors whose parents have similar education levels. The children of high school dropouts score about the same, whether they go to public or private schools—and the same is true for the children of college graduates.

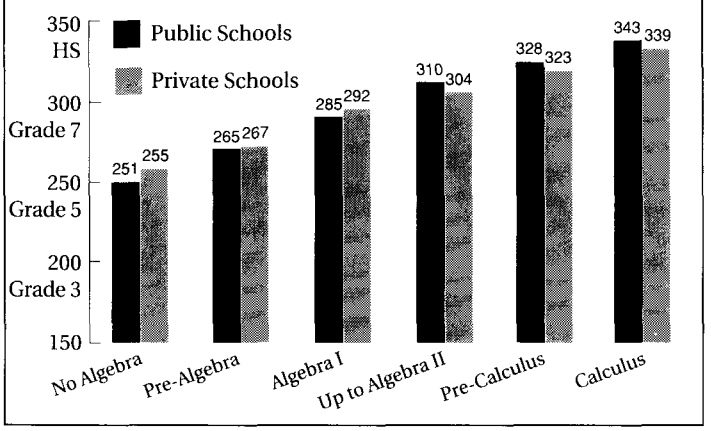
Mathematics Achievement of High School Seniors in Public and Private Schools by Level of Parental Education

	Some HS	Grad HS	Post HS	Grad Coll
Mother Public	277	290	300	310
Father Public	278	286	301	311
Mother Private	283	297	300	310
Father Private	286	294	300	309

The myth of private school superiority comes totally unravelled when you compare the NAEP scores of public and private school students who have taken similar courses. The results are nearly identical, even though the public school students come from far less advantaged backgrounds. In fact, this result is evidence of a public school advantage.

Are these NAEP math results a fluke? Not at all. In 1988,

Average Overall Mathematics Proficiency of High School Seniors Taking Similar Courses



SOURCE: NAEP DATA

Chester E. Finn, Jr., now an adviser to Secretary of Education Lamar Alexander and then an assistant secretary of education, confronted an audience of private school educators with unpublished NAEP scores revealing very small differences between public school scores (which he called "scandalously low") and the scores from private schools: Private schools were only about 4 points higher on reading and 6 points higher on history and literature.

Finn suggested that the small advantage might have less to do with the quality of private schools than with the privileged backgrounds of private school students. His advice to his private school audience? "You need to improve faster than the public schools if you expect...people [to pay] an average of $6,200 a year...to get a presumably better educational product."

Even James Coleman, the sociologist whose research is most often used to "prove" the superiority of private schools, warned in his study that "one should not make a mistake: Our estimates for the size of the private sector effects show them not to be large."

It's a big mistake to think that private schools do a better job with the same kids. They don't. If we are looking for answers to the enormous problems that plague our educational system, we won't find them by spending public money to send kids to private schools. Both sectors need dramatic improvement.

MR. SHANKER'S COMMENTS APPEAR IN THIS AD UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF TEACHERS. READER CORRESPONDENCE IS INVITED. ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO MR. SHANKER AT THE AFT, 555 NEW JERSEY AVE., N.W., WASHINGTON, DC 20001. © 1991 BY ALBERT SHANKER.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Myth conceptions

Editor's note: A letter from Bill Moyers in response to Andrew Ferguson's "The Power of Myth" (August 19 & 26) appears on pages 14 and 15. The editors offered Mr. Moyers a full page of the Correspondence section to reply in detail. He declined, preferring to pay for two pages himself. Letters from other readers follow, as well as a response from Mr. Ferguson to all the charges against him.

To the editors:

Andrew Ferguson's critique of Bill Moyers was absurd. His weak argument vilifies Mr. Moyers for the sins of dreaming about becoming president, of once carrying out political orders from ex-boss LBJ, and of getting rich at PBS. So what? There is no question Mr. Moyers has consistently produced the best public affairs programming in America. Just look at the last two years. The four-part series "The Public Mind" (dismissed by Mr. Ferguson because Mr. Moyers's name is attached to the title; he obviously knows nothing about TV marketing) was the most comprehensive and informative explanation of politics, culture, and media I have ever seen. His "High Crimes and Misdemeanors" was an outstanding indictment of the Iranamok conspirators. Mr. Moyers became the first journalist to untangle Oliver North's cryptic computerized messages with White House operators, to present lengthy portions of Ronald Reagan's stunning videotaped testimony at the Poindexter trial, and to weave both essential lines of thought into his narrative. Lastly, Mr. Moyers's most recent program, "After the War," made a compelling case for this country's need for an "Operation Urban Storm," all the while exposing the folly of our military adventure in the Persian Gulf.

PHIL HIRSCHKORN
Atlanta, Georgia

To the editors:

Andrew Ferguson attempts unsuccessfully to shatter the Moyers image by attacking it chiefly on three insufficient grounds: youthful error, presumed economic avarice, and programming Mr. Ferguson finds distasteful.

That the writer sees cause for extravagant dismay in Mr. Moyers's youthful political errors attests more to Mr. Ferguson's naïveté than to atypical frailty in the younger Moyers. Who among us has been immune to juvenile blunder? If CBS News paid Mr. Moyers well over $1 million yearly for working irregularly and infrequently, it is difficult to conceive of him abandoning this sinecure for the greener rewards of notoriously underfunded public TV.

As an example of programming Mr. Ferguson finds repugnant he quotes a sparse sample of Joseph Campbell's views out of context, denigrates them as "pop" (is "pop" worse than popular?), and misidentifies them as "spiritualism"—not the correct term for study of "the great spiritual traditions." But what Mr. Campbell did was not teaching, according to Mr. Ferguson; it was "teaching," the quotes pointing to its bogus nature. If that is the case, then all university courses in Comparative Religion should be banned at once as spurious.

DOROTHY WIGHTMAN
Mountain View, California

To the editors:

I was personally involved in one of the incidents Andrew Ferguson mentions, the so-called Daisy commercial, and I can attest that his account of it is completely false.

Mr. Moyers in no way commissioned "anti-nuclear" commercials with which to attack Senator Barry Goldwater. The advertising agency Doyle Dane Bernbach asked me to work with them in creating commercials on President Johnson's support of a test-ban treaty. The first, a five-minute commercial, alternated the voices of the late President Kennedy and President Johnson. DDB then asked me, "How can we do a similar commercial in sixty seconds?"

I took a commercial off the shelf, which I had done years earlier for the United Nations on the subject of peace, featuring a child counting up petals overlaid with an atomic countdown and an explosion. It was this concept, my audio track, and DDB's execution of the visual that resulted in the "Daisy" commercial. Bill Moyers had no input whatsoever. He merely approved its use.

And what did this "mother of all negative commercials" actually say? In President Johnson's words: "These are the stakes, to make a world in which all God's children can live, or to go into the dark. Either we must love each other or we must die." Barry Goldwater is never mentioned.

What Mr. Ferguson does not understand is that it was the American people who saw Senator Goldwater in that commercial. And for good reason. In public statements Senator Goldwater said that he would like to drop an atom bomb in the men's room at the Kremlin, that he would give European commanders sole discretion on the use of nuclear weapons, and that he wanted to drop a small nuclear bomb to defoliate the jungles of Southeast Asia, so that we could see the people beneath the trees.

TONY SCHWARTZ
New York, New York

To the editors:

Missing in Andrew Ferguson's piece on Bill Moyers was any identification of one so-called media watchdog. It was the self-styled "Committee on Media Integrity," an outfit that has made a practice of smearing—sometimes sight unseen—programs and producers whose reporting won't support their prejudices. This wannabe media swat squad had targeted Mr. Moyers—bashing him in a public television trade paper—before being credited in your pages. It has also tried to get our TV programs, "South Africa Now" and "Rights and Wrongs," the new human rights series, dropped from the public airwaves. It was partially successful with one-sided attacks like the one you ran.

DANNY SCHECHTER
RORY O'CONNOR
New York, New York

The writers are, respectively, executive producer and president of Global Vision.

To the editors:

Thank God someone finally launched a harpoon at that pompous druid Bill Moyers. His touchy-feely hypocrisy would be a hoot if it weren't for the damage he inflicted on this nation as part of LBJ's dream team. His tiresome spewing about those barbaric '80s makes me wonder if he's not indeed pining for another shot at the OEOB.

Let this lofty boob come into the sunshine and run for president. He might just float up in the air and explode.

J. D. DEMING
Washington, D.C.

Andrew Ferguson replies:

Bill Moyers's long and expensive apologia *pro vita sua* bears all the marks of a man who learned the techniques of argument at Lyndon Johnson's knee. It is designed, through its sheer mass, more to overwhelm than to persuade.

I doubt that Mr. Moyers truly feels he was treated unfairly in our interview, since he knows the facts as well as I. His account is tilted to make me out a sneak. Let me be clear: I am not a sneak. When I first approached Mr. Moyers's public relations representative, I told her I was writing a piece on public television, featuring Mr. Moyers as "an exemplary figure" of the same. I told her that because it was true: TNR commissioned such a piece. When rumors of Mr. Moyers's possible presidential candidacy reached the editors, however, they asked me to focus on him. The next time I spoke to the

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

OCTOBER 7, 1991

THE THOMAS NOMINATION

The rejection of Robert Bork's nomination to the Supreme Court had one clearly unfortunate result. It is that a jurist of intellectual distinction is no longer eligible for the Supreme Court of the United States. President Bush's criterion for this institution appears to be intellectual mediocrity and political reliability. His calculations in nominating those he has picked have differed from his predecessors in being not merely partly political but, so far as we can tell, wholly political. The nominees have been chosen to divide the Democrats; to turn back the liberal activism of the Warren Court; and to be so incurious as to have no considered view, prior to nomination, on such decisions as *Griswold* v. *Connecticut,* which found a right to privacy in constitutional penumbras, or *Roe* v. *Wade,* which extended that right to cover abortion. The result of such elaborate political criteria has been a string of uninspiring choices—Anthony Kennedy, David Souter, and now Clarence Thomas—who come before the Senate as vague agnostics on all the most urgent constitutional questions of the day only to emerge after confirmation as reliable apostles of Chief Justice Rehnquist. The Senate, and the public, should demand better.

Much has been said about how the confirmation process has evolved into a kind of charade. Senators who read briefs written by aides about constitutional issues they do not understand ask a nominee questions he is trained not to answer. The president picks a nominee whom he knows to be opposed to *Roe.* Democratic senators then try to assure themselves he is not against *Roe.* If the nominee has expressed other opinions, the senators, egged on by single-issue interest groups, first try to determine whether he would rule in accordance with them. If the nominee dissembles, the senators try to prove he is undergoing a "confirmation conversion." Thus consistency and inconsistency are both grounds for rejection.

This particular nominee was prone not merely to these visible pitfalls, but to an invisible one as well. Many of the Democrats on the Judiciary Committee object to Mr. Thomas because he opposes affirmative action and they support it. But for the same reason, they were required to avoid the most salient argument against him: that he is the quintessential affirmative action candidate, that his own intellectual qualifications for the office to which he aspires are, to say the least, undistinguished. The result was a standoff in which both sides disingenuously ignored the central issue in front of them.

For his part, Judge Thomas revealed a talent not just for discretion, but for backing down from every opinion he has ever expressed. Even Justice Souter was more forthcoming in the hearings. Though evasion may make sense as a strategy to win confirmation, it has also revealed Judge Thomas to be a muddled legal thinker. Worse, by constantly harping on his black credentials, he has come close to seeming a hypocrite: someone who claims to believe in a colorblind society while playing the racial card for his own advancement, in an embarrassingly insistent recourse to the details of his underprivileged background.

Moreover, the manner in which he discussed the ideas expressed in fairly recent speeches suggests not only that he didn't write the speeches, but that he had only a superficial hold on what his ghostwriters were saying. Questioned about his oft-stated belief in natural law, Mr. Thomas labeled it a philosophic hobby he explored on a "part-time basis." Mr. Thomas defended his now famous praise of Lewis Lehrman's argument that fetuses have an inalienable right to life under the Declaration of Independence by acknowledging that he was merely pandering to conservative Republicans at the Heritage Foundation. What's disturbing in both these cases is not that he is lying, but that he may be telling the truth. Our worry about Judge Thomas is not so much that he has too many firm principles, but that he appears to have too few.

And what to make of Mr. Thomas's numerous new positions? The most dramatic, and least understood, was his embrace of the right to privacy, which he discovered last week in the liberty component of the due process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. Nothing in Mr. Thomas's previous writings suggested he recognized

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this right. On the contrary, he had criticized Justice Goldberg's concurring opinion in *Griswold*, for its "discovery or, rather, invention, of the Ninth Amendment." At the invitation of liberal Senator Joseph Biden, however, Mr. Thomas now endorsed the activist reasoning he had formerly ridiculed. The opinions Mr. Thomas now supported, *Griswold* and *Poe* v. *Ullman*, used natural law reasoning as the basis for the right to privacy. It was exactly this reasoning that Mr. Thomas at other points in his testimony denied had any use in making constitutional rulings at all.

The editors of this magazine have long questioned the constitutional basis of the right to abortion in general, believing instead that this right should be fought for in the legislatures. We have also long been skeptical of the Court's decisions in *Griswold* and *Roe* in particular. Whether located in natural law, or in constitutional "penumbras" and "emanations," the right to sexual privacy is hard to find in the text or history of the Constitution itself. Yet the Thomas hearings confirmed that no one can aspire to the Supreme Court today without paying lip service to this notion. Liberals should be forced to confront the contradiction of their own selective judicial activism. If they want judges not to strike down law based on a personal understanding of fundamental rights, they will have to admit that *Roe* was wrongly decided. The corollary of this, of course, is that Judge Thomas, who surely believes in the force of natural law, should be made to feel that he can say so.

Inconsistency on *Roe*, however, is just part of Mr. Thomas's problem. As far as his professional qualifications go, he is clearly no judicial star. He has scant experience as a lawyer or scholar, precious little as a judge. Mr. Thomas dealt with a single issue as head of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, and has served without distinction on the Court of Appeals for a single year. The judgment of the American Bar Association that he is barely qualified to perform his duties carries a large measure of truth.

The Senate needs to weigh these considerations of consistency, professionalism, and integrity against the current constraints of the process. But senators will also have to make a political judgment: Are all these considerations sufficient to counsel an actual vote against Thomas? On balance, we think not. Mr. Thomas is no less qualified than Justice Kennedy, who was rushed through the confirmation hearings with nothing like the inspection accorded to Mr. Thomas. In all likelihood, Justice Thomas would make rulings within the mainstream of judicial restraint that this magazine has historically supported, with a risk of occasional bouts of judicial activism from the right, especially in the realm of economic rights. Such activism would be lamentable, but any replacement would likely be no better. He or she would also probably lack Mr. Thomas's real history and engagement with the issue of race relations in this country and be unable to argue the critical issue of affirmative action with the same passion and insight on the high court. This experience is a legitimate qualification related to Mr. Thomas's race, and it is one that the Senate, without falling into the trap of affirmative action, can rightly take into account. Mr. Thomas's voice, however untutored, might perhaps grow to widen and deepen the discussion of race in our country. That's a hope, although at this point, alas, not much more than that.

No one, of course, should easily acquiesce to mere hopes on the Court at any time. Practically, however, there's little choice right now. And the blame for that lies not simply with a president whose cynicism manages daily to scale new heights, but with a Democratic Party that refuses to speak frankly about the issue of race and whose intellectual laziness has led to even mediocre Republicans sustaining an advantage. It is a party that, in attempting to place successive Republican nominees to the Court outside the mainstream, has merely marginalized itself. Justice Thomas is the result.

NOTEBOOK

FLYING CIRCUS: No one begrudges the mayor of New York a little junket under the guise of foreign policy. But David Dinkins's plans for a pilgrimage to South Africa (with stopovers en route in Rome and Lagos, Nigeria) are pure megalomania. The budget's over $400,000, which Mr. Dinkins's staff is raising by putting the arm on city businesses and plutocrats. So far, they've only coughed up half the cash needed, so the mayor tearfully announced the trip would be delayed at least until November. When and if it takes off, a chartered 300-seat Lockheed L-1011 jet will carry the mayor's wife, a delegation of business and city officials, the president of the Board of Education, the chancellor of City University, and the Dinkins family's Episcopal priest, along with the usual security heavies. Also on board will be the Rev. Herbert Daughtry, last seen jostling for press attention with Al Sharpton during the Crown Heights race riots. According to the mayor, the trip would have two purposes: to return to the motherland and to share with South African blacks his government's expertise on matters of health, housing, education, finance, and welfare. Left unexplained is why either of these goals couldn't have been achieved more cheaply. Also unclear is why, given the condition of health care, rents, city finances, and the welfare system in New York, anyone in South Africa should take Dinkins's advice.

COLORBLINDNESS: The latest ephemera from the Thomas nomination is a column by George Will, which refers to Ralph Neas, the executive director of the Leadership Conference for Civil Rights, as "a white man whose vocation is telling blacks what is best for them."

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This is unfair. Whatever one's disagreements with Mr. Neas (and we have plenty), he's perfectly entitled to his views without having his racial credentials called into question. To characterize white liberals like Mr. Neas as plantation owners represents the flip side of the bigotry that condemns Clarence Thomas for not holding the political views most common to blacks.

NON: When President François Mitterrand of France reacted to the Soviet coup by reading a message from Gennadi Yanayev over the air on French television, we never expected it to be the beginning of a policy of anti-democratic initiatives. We were wrong. Two weeks ago, the French government also derailed an EC scheme to open up Western European markets to goods from the fledgling democracies of the East. The reason? It would have offended protected French farmers. The French government is already intent on spurning the requests of Eastern European states to join the community; and they've done their best to put a spike in GATT negotiations on cutting agricultural subsidies worldwide. At this rate, the United States may soon have to rethink its view about who is the biggest obstacle to democracy and free markets in the world these days: Moscow or Paris? •

Why the presidential grudge?

BUSH VS. ISRAEL

By Martin Peretz

George Bush is not often moved to public passions. No evidence of America's domestic squalor seems to have unsettled him, neither unemployment nor homelessness, neither the quicksand of savings and loan failures nor the skyrocketing of the national debt. And events abroad do not engage him more. He was so committed to China's despots that he hardly noticed the agony of China's democrats. And there was little recognition in the White House that the end of the Berlin Wall was of historic moment. Even the coup by Stalinoid putschists in Moscow barely disturbed his callow bonhomie. So earlier this month, when the president lashed out at Israel (and at its supporters in Congress and the country) there were many who were surprised by his zeal.

They shouldn't have been. Close observers had already recognized that the Bush administration was inclined to blame Israel whenever its Middle East designs ran up against Middle East realities. And scapegoating Israel has become easier with the government of Yitzhak Shamir. The president and his leakers can merely roll their eyes, and prepare their excuses.

Now, Shamir is unpleasant and unyielding; his obsession with settling the West Bank is an ideological tic that could eventually do great damage to the Jewish state. Bush and others (myself included) have good reasons to dislike Shamir and to oppose his policies. But none of Shamir's objectionable qualities or policies quite accounts for the wrath of Bush. Shamir is certainly no more unpleasant or more unyielding than Hafez Assad, by whom the present administration (like Jimmy Carter before it) is all of a sudden charmed. And, unlike Assad's, the government of Shamir is certainly not responsible for the mass murder of either Arabs or Americans.

The president and his secretary of state tell us that the issue is settlements, that if only Jewish settlement were to stop in the occupied territories, the Arabs would finally accept as permanent the Jewish political presence they have fought against so long. The settlements are Bush's idée fixe. He has had it for two decades, and when the settlements were few indeed. The pedigree of his mentality goes back even further. For seventy-five years there have been men like Bush, who had a formula for peace, a deus ex machina of the mind, for assuaging the Arabs, for pacifying the Palestinians. And they had their way. For decades it was to limit Jewish immigration into the Land (but not Arab migration); and then it was to make the dimensions of Israel tiny, its spaces uncontiguous, its frontiers precarious. Now it is settlements.

During the Reagan administration Bush's churlishness toward and about Israel was well known. This imperturbable man was easily perturbed by the Israelis, for whose anxieties he had no understanding and less sympathy. In the upper echelons, however, he was, with Caspar Weinberger, a minority of two. But now Bush is president, and he can be his own majority of one.

And what a cynical majority. Consider the president's words at the press conference: "I heard today there were something like a thousand lobbyists on the Hill working the other side of the question. We've got one lonely little guy down here doing it.... And I'm up against some powerful political forces." When did "lobbyist" become a pejorative term in the vocabulary of this backroom politician?

At the press conference, moreover, Bush didn't even own up to wanting the Israelis to suspend the building of settlements. He claimed he wanted only to delay the loan guarantees for 120 days. But we know from Thomas Friedman of *The New York Times* that no Arab party to the planned negotiations required this delay. Indeed, no Arab party required a suspension of settlements. Now even the Syrians are playing hardball catch-up with Bush; they cannot be less demanding then he. The president also asserts that he called for the delay in order to "avoid a contentious debate that would raise a host of controversial issues."

The president's gambit was not simply cynical; it was also stupid. His linkage between the loan guarantees to

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help absorb Soviet immigrants and the suspension of settlements, once implicit, is now explicit. The fact that he is trying to force Israel into making concessions on so significant an issue in advance of the talks and without any reciprocal concessions from the Arabs has tainted the peace process itself. The expectations of Arab states as to what they might get from the negotiations has now been wildly inflated. And Israelis across the political spectrum, including those against the settlements, are much warier of the talks. They already knew they cannot trust Bush as a friend; now they know they cannot even trust him as a broker. This is heaven-sent for the Israeli far right. At home, too, precisely the contentious debate he said he was trying to avoid has broken out, and the consensus behind the peace initiative is all but shattered.

The president seems to believe that he earned a blank check in the Gulf war, that his troops brought home to him a warrant to do what he has always wanted to do to Israel. It is curious logic that would animate a superpower to use the cachet of its victory to humble a friend. But that is precisely the point: Bush is not a friend. Like John Foster Dulles but against all the evidence, including the evidence of the Gulf war, Bush is persuaded that American friendship with the Arab world must be premised on broad Israeli retreat. In this vision of the Middle East, ongoing Arab aggressions would turn out to be costless to the aggressors.

Most people understand why this view does not commend itself to Israelis. And they cannot quite work out why this fixation is essential to real American interests. But the president has little forbearance for their concerns. He is mesmerized by destiny: "So we're talking about a major chance for one more tremendous step towards peace. We've seen the evolution of the Soviet Union, we've seen the defeat of aggression over there in Iraq, we've seen democracy on the move in our hemisphere. And here is a last place that really needs this peace process to go forward."

Bush's little leap to utopia may spring from his frustration with the end of the Gulf war. A famous victory seemed to lead to no tangible gains for the United States on the Arab side of the ledger. The Iraqi dictatorship is still in power, its unconventional weapons systems not yet fully destroyed, nor, for that matter, fully discovered. The regime still makes war on the Shiites and on the Kurds, who constitute some 80 percent of the population. But no one notices. And Bush has shifted his attention elsewhere.

One consequence of the Gulf war highly touted in Washington was the long-awaited break between the PLO and the West Bank. Bush was forced to sever the American relationship with the PLO in June 1990 when Yasir Arafat made it evident that he wouldn't walk away from terrorism. Still, severance or no severance, Secretary Baker on all his trips to the region has met only with the same PLO retreads, sanctioned by Arafat in Tunis but without independent clout at home.

There is, of course, the new Syria and Hafez Assad, occasionally compared with Egypt's Sadat. But before the Damascus Baath has shown whether it is ready to live with Israel, it has pocketed all kinds of concessions. The most important is the virtual ceding of Lebanon to Greater Syria. This extends the zone of peril for Israel on its northern borders all the way from the Bekaa Valley to the Mediterranean. Is Bush now about to demand that Israel relinquish the Golan to Syria? The Syrians, by the way, are now buying missiles and other advanced armaments in a big way, financed by Saudi rather than Soviet money. And the Gulf states, though making gestures toward dealing with Israel, aren't even under particular pressure from Washington to come to the peace talks.

George Bush reserves his postwar impatience for Israel. Ignorance may be his excuse. But ignorance cannot explain the contemptible account of recent history he delivered as part of his campaign to antagonize American opinion toward Israel: "Just months ago American men and women in uniform risked their lives to defend Israelis in the face of Iraqi Scud missiles, and indeed, Desert Storm, while winning a war against aggression, also achieved the defeat of Israel's most dangerous adversary." This is a clumsy untruth. The Israelis were eager to defend themselves, and if they had been allowed to, nobody would still be wondering whether Saddam retains a nuclear capacity. It's especially difficult for a democratic society like Israel, which has lived under siege since its beginning, to alienate its defense to a foreign country. It did so to appease Washington's fear that otherwise the Arabs would not allow us to defend them.

No doubt there are people around the president—chief of staff John Sununu, foreign policy staffer Richard Haas—who are delighted that he is finally "sticking it" to what they call "the Israeli lobby." But this episode in American-Israeli relations is not about individuals. It is about how the United States treats a faithful ally, which is what Israel has always been. During these last months it has twice released legitimately held prisoners to expedite the freedom of Western hostages; it has gotten only a corpse in return. If George Bush wants to persuade Israel to take measures that he believes will increase the chances for peace between Arab and Jew he'd do well to have those measures be reciprocated simultaneously by Israel's enemies. The fact is that the president has no leverage over those enemies. So he flexes his power by muscling America's friends.

For Bush to act this way against Israel, ignoring the sacrifices of the Israelis, making them seem like ingrates, is worse than lamentable. It is self-defeating. The president doesn't seem to understand that every time he undermines Israel's trust in the United States he undermines our ability to persuade it to take risks for peace. And that is part of the problem: the president doesn't seem to understand that some of these risks could be fatal.

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And he does something else. He is trying to intimidate American Jews back into their old fearful ways. American Jews, he seems to forget, are also Americans with all the rights to speak up for themselves and their brethren. And nothing they ask contradicts any real interest of the United States. It is understandable that George Bush might prefer the old ways of hesitation and deference. But those ways and those days are long since gone, and they are gone forever. •

MOSCOW POSTCARD

THE FEDERALISTS

By Michael Sandel

Before admitting us for our appointment in the Kremlin, a Red Army guard paged solemnly through our passports. We waited with the worry that the old regime lived on. Finally, he looked up. "You have been so many places," he said wistfully. "I've never been abroad."

We had come—Charles Taylor, the Canadian political theorist, Shirley Williams, former British Cabinet minister, and I—to learn from our Soviet counterparts how they hoped to stitch together the republics of the old Soviet Union in a new confederation.

But by the time we got to Moscow, there was no union constitution to discuss. Gorbachev's negotiators continue to seek some limited form of authority for the center, but they now expect little more than a series of overlapping treaties among the republics—on economic cooperation, defense, and foreign affairs. The result will look less like the U.S. Constitution than the Articles of Confederation, the loose association of American states that existed before 1787.

In Kiev, the capital of the Ukraine, mere mention of a union treaty brings a scoff of disdain. Ukrainian officials, who have already consigned the Soviet state to the dustbin of history, are busy with other things, such as commissioning printing presses to produce a separate Ukrainian currency. Ukrainian radio now reports developments in Moscow as "news from abroad." A leading Ukrainian politician charged with his new nation's foreign affairs is absorbed these days in overcoming obstacles large and small on the road to international recognition. He wants to know, for example, how the Ukraine should go about applying for membership in the European Community.

There is also the matter of nuclear weapons. How, from the standpoint of gaining Western support, should his country dispose of the nuclear weapons on Ukrainian territory? One possibility, he explains, is to move the mobile missiles to the Russian republic, and to destroy the fixed ones under provisions of treaties already signed by the Soviet Union. Another option, favored by some Ukrainian nationalists, is to retain the nuclear weapons while declaring the Ukraine's willingness, as a sovereign state, to negotiate their destruction in treaties with other nuclear powers. (This would implicitly use the nuclear weapons as a bargaining chip for recognition.) When we venture that the second course might bring panic in the West and undermine support, his ready assent suggests he is simply trying to persuade colleagues at the table who may think otherwise. Finally, in an amusing blend of the practical and the jejune, he wonders whether the West might be persuaded to lend the Ukraine the money to open embassies in such expensive places as London and Paris.

Although all Ukrainian democrats are nationalists, not all Ukrainian nationalists are democrats. President Leonid Kravchuk is a case in point. Though a Communist Party member until a few weeks ago, he built his popularity by riding the wave of nationalist sentiment. Before the coup, he was the clear favorite to win the presidential elections scheduled for December. But Kravchuk is no Boris Yeltsin. Silent in the early days of the putsch, he did not speak out until it was clear the plotters would fail. Some opposition leaders believe he expected the coup, hoped for its success, even laid the groundwork for a crackdown by instigating provocative incidents to discredit the reform movement. On their theory, Kravchuk embraced Ukrainian sovereignty not only to cater to popular demand, but to insulate the Ukraine from the contagion of Russian reform as it gathered force under Yeltsin. Some even suspect that Kravchuk knew of plans for the coup, and delayed signing the union treaty proposed in July to give the plotters more time to act.

Whatever becomes of the union treaty, it will not decide the fate of democracy in the former Soviet Union. The next stage of reform will flow not from the Kremlin but, if at all, from the halls of the Russian Federation building, now called the White House, a few miles away. It was there that we met Valery Zorkin, a law professor in his 40s, who chairs a group of about a dozen lawyers and academics, drafting a constitution for the Russian Republic.

As we gathered, the group was in the final days of revising its draft for submission to the constitutional Commission of Russia's Supreme Soviet. They would propose a presidential system based largely on the American model, with a bicameral legislature and a Supreme Court to protect individual rights. Under their plan, Russia would be a federation, whose political units would include about fifty states or landers, in addition to the fifteen ethnically distinct autonomous republics.

All too familiar with the dangers of executive power, the drafters are still searching for ways to check presidential power. For example, how can the legislature be sure that the president spends the money it appropriates? Does the president need to consult the legislature to authorize spending for an unforeseen event, such as war? What can be done about administrative decisions that violate people's rights? Should all ad-

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ministrative acts be subject to judicial review?

A precoup draft contained compromises with the past they now hoped to revise. For example, the president retained the power of decree, and it was unclear whether the legislature could initiate legislation, rather than merely approve or reject it. They also struggled with issues that still bedevil Western democracies, such as whether the autonomous republics would have sufficient scope for self-government and for the expression of their ethnic and linguistic identities. A surprising provision in the early draft would have gladdened the hearts of American conservatives. It mandated a balanced federal budget, requiring every expenditure to be matched to a revenue source. They told us they had already removed this provision, chastened by what they saw as the unfortunate American experience with the Gramm-Rudman Act.

As we left, one of the drafters said, "We love the constitution we have written. But the obstacles are great, and we could very well fail." The Communists retain a sizable presence in the legislature, and Russia's winter holds the danger of a discontent that could undermine reforms.

If Zorkin's law professors prevail, they will be remembered as the Madisons and Hamiltons of democratic Russia. If they fail, they will join the small but noble ranks of Russian liberals, defeated yet again by a sad and stubborn past.

MICHAEL SANDEL is professor of government at Harvard University.

SCIENCE AND SOCIETY

HIV'S WEAK LINK

By Lowell Weiss

It's widely accepted that the use of condoms dramatically reduces the risk of transmitting HIV, the virus that causes AIDS. There's also an emerging international consensus among doctors (if not yet in the White House) that distributing clean needles significantly curbs new infections of HIV, without increasing the rate of new addiction. Now one school of epidemiologists is saying that needle exchanges and condoms probably serve another function as well. Not only will fewer people become infected with HIV, but the viruses in the population at large could well evolve into less harmful strains.

The key to this diminishing lethality is parasite transmission. Ten years ago Paul Ewald, professor of biology at Amherst College and the Smithsonian's first Burch Fellow in Theoretic Medicine, predicted that the virulence of a parasite is related to the degree to which it relies on its host for mobility. Parasites that depend heavily on their human hosts for transportation, like the rhinoviruses that cause the common cold, need mobile, active hosts in order to survive and get passed along to new hosts. In contrast, a parasite that uses a carrier, or "vector," such as a mosquito or tick, is transmitted effectively even if it incapacitates its host. These parasites are therefore free to reproduce extensively in the blood—sickening their hosts in the process—without endangering their own long-term survival.

Not surprising, then, parasites that get help from insect vectors are capable of causing much higher mortality in human beings than parasites without such help. Similarly, disease organisms that are carried by water, such as the cholera bacteria causing the current South American epidemic, tend to evolve to become more deadly than related organisms that are not carried by water. Human beings may also act as or introduce vectors—"cultural vectors." For instance, hospital workers may allow the most dangerous strains of parasites, such as diarrhea-causing bacteria, to survive and reproduce by unwittingly transporting them on their hands between patients.

Hypodermic needles are cultural vectors too. Ewald and others, including Randall Nesse, a physician at the University of Michigan Medical School and former president of the Human Behavior and Evolution Society, and George C. Williams, emeritus professor of ecology and evolution at the State University of New York at Stony Brook and one of the fathers of modern evolutionary science, fear that contaminated needles, which account for a quarter to a third of all AIDS cases in the United States, similarly increase the lethality of HIV. These epidemiologists believe that if most major cities were to institute needle-exchange programs, the most debilitating strains of HIV would eventually be forced out of circulation. After two or three years, as less lethal strains began to take hold, researchers would probably record increases in the life expectancy of people newly infected with HIV. "This is one of those rare cases in which common sense and evolutionary considerations coincide," says James J. Bull, professor of zoology at the University of Texas at Austin.

Reducing the role of the vector alone would probably be enough to decrease greatly the virus's lethality if HIV infection didn't have such a long latency period. But outwardly healthy hosts can unknowingly transmit virulent strains for many years before symptoms appear, thus boosting HIV's overall deadliness. Condoms are the most effective way to block that potential. "Condoms play the reverse of the needle's role," says Ewald. "Instead of a cultural vector, they're a sort of 'cultural obstructor.' "

When transmission rates soar, whether due to contaminated needles or unprotected sex or any other means, the virus is virtually certain of finding new hosts. The fastest replicators (and thus the most dangerous) of the countless viral strains that live inside an

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HIV-infected person quickly outnumber their slower neighbors, and thus are the most likely to be transmitted. When transmission rates drop, fast replication becomes a liability for the virus: fast replicators again come to dominate but, as a result, die with the host without being transmitted. Under these conditions, slow replicators are more likely to make it into future generations.

Any measure that obstructs viral transmission, then, should increase the value of a mobile host to the parasite. Ewald suspects that widespread use of safe-sex practices in male homosexual communities may already be having such a positive influence. By the same token, unchecked transmission common in the 1960s and 1970s may have helped HIV evolve from a relatively benign pathogen to the deadly variant that has touched off a worldwide epidemic.

In reconstructing the family tree of the various subspecies of HIV from their molecular building blocks, biologists have determined that some form of HIV probably infected human beings at least sixty years before doctors identified the disease we now call AIDS, though it may rarely have caused severe immune system failure. Ewald speculates that the virus probably circulated in Africa before the 1960s in small, isolated communities—areas with low rates of sexual contact—where relatively benign strains would have had a competitive advantage over highly virulent strains. Here, virulent disease would have caused the quick extinction of both host and virus.

The 1960s, however, was a decade of drastic cultural change in much of Africa. As millions of people migrated from villages to cities, prostitution rates skyrocketed. This shift was a windfall for HIV: the virus found its way into new, densely packed populations of potential hosts. These changes probably allowed the deadly strains common in much of the world today to proliferate.

Benign forms have not become extinct, however. The most common form of the virus in certain West African countries is HIV-2, a less deadly relative of the virulent HIV-1 form that reigns in this country. "I don't think it's a coincidence that the places where we find HIV-2 have a lower potential for rapid sexual or needle-borne transmission," says Ewald. He adds that some rapidly expanding West African cities where HIV-2 once predominated—cities like Abidjan, Ivory Coast—are becoming HIV-1 strongholds, and seem to be home to particularly virulent strains of HIV-2.

A number of characteristics unique to HIV, such as the mechanisms underlying latency, still need clarification. But even before those issues are fully resolved, evolutionary thinking must enter public policy debates over needles and condoms. "We don't have the luxury of suspended judgment," Williams says. "If someone smells smoke that doesn't mean his house is on fire. But he's likely to take action to find out." Does the president even recognize there's an emergency?

LOWELL WEISS is an editorial assistant at *The Atlantic.*

The good Republican.

ST. JACK

By Sidney Blumenthal

Clarence Thomas brought two things to his confirmation hearings that made him unassailable. One was the story of his rise from poverty in Pin Point, Georgia. The other was his patron saint, Senator John Danforth, who hovered no more than a few feet away from him throughout the ordeal. As the senators rubbed their eyes trying to see clearly the blurred nominee before them, Danforth appeared distinctly in their line of vision. Thomas's evasions to avoid the pitfall of ideological commitment left many on the Judiciary Committee baffled about his philosophy. But about their colleague, none had doubts. Danforth, the model of rectitude, the embodiment of good faith—an Episcopal priest who regularly conducts services at the National Cathedral—had placed his imprimatur on Thomas like a benediction. For the wavering senators, Thomas's communion with Danforth has been far more reassuring than President Bush's endorsement.

The Thomas nomination is widely regarded, openly by many Democrats and privately by some Republicans, as yet another example of the black symbol exploited for political advantage: Clarence Thomas as the other side of the Willie Horton coin. In the Senate, however, Danforth's unbending loyalty toward Thomas (he gave Thomas his first legal job as an assistant when Danforth was attorney general of Missouri) has covered much of the Bush taint. Part of the reason it has been difficult to associate Thomas with Bush's racial tactics, and thus isolate him, is that the leading Republican critic of such gambits happens to be Jack Danforth.

Bush has not been unaware of the protection Danforth provides. The president's decisive moment in choosing Thomas came with a phone call from Dan Quayle (at Bush's instigation) to Danforth. Would he "go to the mat" for his former protégé? Danforth's affirmative reply meant that Bush's move would be represented by a figure of moral stature. Two days earlier, in fact, negotiations between the senator and the White House over civil rights legislation had collapsed amid bitter accusations. Danforth, of all things, was charged by unnamed officials (e.g., White House chief of staff John Sununu) with bad faith. No good deed goes unpunished, if it crosses the president's

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An Open Letter to the Editor from Bill Moyers

Dear Editor:

The appearance of Andrew Ferguson's abominably inaccurate attack on me in such a putatively respected forum as *The New Republic* (August 19 & 26) requires a more detailed response than normal for your Letters column. I have therefore paid the costs of this advertisement space in the hopes that given the true story behind Ferguson's myriad distortions and mischaracterizations, TNR's readers will better be able to recognize an ideologically-inspired hatchet job than were its editors.

When Ferguson first called my office, he said he was writing a major piece about public television for *The New Republic* and that I, among others, would figure in it. He said he was unfamiliar with my work and requested cassettes of several programs and an interview with me on the phone once he viewed them. I subsequently offered to meet him at his convenience on my next trip to Washington so that we could talk face-to-face. He agreed, but when I called him after arriving in Washington, he reneged. He said he was busy and would do the interview by phone the following week. I found this odd, but cooperated nevertheless. When we did talk on the phone much of our discussion focused on issues facing public television. None of this was used by him in the article. Nor did he raise with me the personal charges that he was soon to make against me in your journal. He obviously was determined that I would have no chance to refute his innuendo, distortion and deceit. I do so now.

1. We'll begin with what Ferguson describes, apoplectically, as my "descent into spiritualism." He says: "These days Moyers is increasingly distracted from the affairs of state by the lure of spiritualism and pop psychology." His evidence? My interviews with three men: Joseph Campbell, Robert Bly, and Sam Keen.

Now Ferguson is free to reject the insights of Campbell and Bly and Keen if he so chooses. This does not give him the right, however, to distort either their words or my record to score his points. The Campbell series aired in 1988, the Bly special in 1990 and the interview with Keen this year. In that same three-year period I broadcast more than 125 other programs. Of those, 27 were documentaries on major social and political issues. Of the more than 100 interviews I conducted during this time, many were with such noted "spiritualists" and "pop psychologists" as Barbara Tuchman, John Lukacs, Tom Wolfe, Martha Nussbaum, Peter Berger and Sissela Bok.

As for Ferguson's twisted reading of Joseph Campbell, space does not permit me to do justice to the complex and often paradoxical ideas Campbell offered the more than thirty million viewers who apparently felt they had something to learn from him. One point, however, cannot go unanswered. Ferguson quotes Joe as saying ethics are "out of date." This is patently ridiculous; Joe, who is no longer with us to defend himself, said no such thing. Anyone wishing to consult the record as published in our book will find the quote applies far more to Ferguson's journalistic tactics than anything Campbell either said or implied during our six hours of conversations.

2. Ferguson says that I "basted" the rise of evangelical Christianity in several shows in the late '70s and '80s. Baste means "to beat severely," "to thrash, berate, or denounce." Let's make a deal. I'll provide you with every broadcast that I have done on the subject. Watch them. If you think Ferguson's description fits, I'll send a free subscription of *The New Republic* to every televangelist in America, wrapped in plain brown paper.

What you'll find, however, are five broadcasts dealing fairly with a religious tradition I know well. One broadcast on the "Born Again" phenomenon was done for *CBS Reports* after Jimmy Carter brought the experience to national attention. I still have many of the letters written by evangelicals to express appreciation for its sensitivity.

Another broadcast reported on the first national convention of the Moral Majority in Dallas in 1980. No one got "basted" by me, but my cameras did show Ronald Reagan on the platform applauding as preacher after preacher trashed "radicals and perverts and liberals and communists" and called for the Christianizing of America. The cameras recorded the president of the Southern Baptist Convention deploring the practice of asking Jews to lead prayers at public occasions. "God Almighty," he said, "does not hear the prayers of a Jew!" Your acting editor—the man responsible for Ferguson's polemic—boasts that he doesn't watch television. What a shame. If he had watched this broadcast he might direct TNR's own "basting" against its real enemies.

3. Ferguson's portrayal of my speech to the Democratic Issues Conference is also characteristically biased and misleading. He describes my remarks regarding the Persian Gulf war as merely "congratulating" the Democrats on their anti-war votes. What I did, as ought to be clear to anyone who took the time to read the speech, was criticize the *Wall Street Journal* editorial urging Democrats to be more like Republicans. As I put it, "The Persian Gulf vote was an example of party politics at its best—exactly because there *were* two parties to choose from, parties with clear differences. Because there is always more than one possible answer to an issue, voters need to hear the choices forcefully argued, as they were in this case . . . That George Bush chose war, and war succeeded, in no way diminishes the courage many of you demonstrated in framing a clear alternative to the passion for war. Americans were seriously divided over going to war in the Persian Gulf. As many did not want war as did. A political system that does not reflect the natural divisions of opinion will not long hold to its legitimacy."

Ferguson dismisses the rest of the speech as "laden with the lofty phrases familiar to TV audiences." Exactly what this means, I cannot say, but anyone wishing a copy of the speech is free to write my office for one at: Public Affairs Television, 356 West 58th Street, New York, NY 10019.

4. Although the 60s are a long time ago, I want to dwell on how Ferguson butchers, for his purposes, those experiences he recounts from my White House years. His account is thick with untruths and half-truths, and relies, to an amazing degree, on the mindset reflected in the internal memos of J. Edgar Hoover's FBI. Because history is on the line here, I must treat his calumnies one by one.

President Johnson did wonder if Walter Jenkins, his long-time aide who was arrested in the fall of 1964 on a charge of "disorderly conduct," was somehow set up by Goldwater's campaign operatives, but he did not order me, as Ferguson writes, "to gather information on the sexual histories of Goldwater's staff." As I wrote in a *Newsweek* column in 1975, it was J. Edgar Hoover who told LBJ that Goldwater's people might have set up Jenkins and it was Hoover whom LBJ ordered to investigate his own rumor. The President then came into my office, told me of his conversation with Hoover, and angrily asked me to call Deke DeLoach—the FBI liaison to the White House—to hasten the search. The President said nothing to me, and I said nothing to DeLoach, about "the sexual histories of Goldwater's staff." As I wrote in *Newsweek*, I did not think Jenkins had been set up and "in the whirlwind wind-up of the campaign, I forgot about the matter until one day DeLoach stopped by the office on other business and casually mentioned that Hoover had told the President that the suspicions could not be substantiated."

Ferguson writes that information from a wiretap on Martin Luther King's room at the Democratic National Convention in 1964 produced political intelligence that I, along with Jenkins, used to "counter the King group's maneuvers" in the delegate fight. I did nothing of the sort. No such information came to me and I did not know Martin Luther King was being tapped or bugged. Since Ferguson's article appeared, I have plowed through my files and documents of the era and talked to others involved, and I am sure of this. For example, in the relevant "Notes" in David Garrow's book, *The FBI and Martin Luther King, Jr.*, there is not one report cited as having been sent to me from the FBI during this period. DeLoach did call me several times but not to discuss political issues. Hoover had alerted LBJ to threats of violence at the convention and Johnson, still on edge from JFK's assassination, was fearful. As the White House staffer responsible for the President's schedule in Atlantic City, I was kept apprised of those threats by the FBI, the Secret Service, and state and local police. I did send DeLoach a note of appreciation for the FBI's help; ditto for the Secret Service, local police, the Signal Corps responsible for communications, our advance team, the delicatessen that delivered our meals, the management of the convention hall, and the volunteers who attended the backstage waiting room.

Ferguson says that documents unearthed by the Church Committee on intelligence abuses in 1976, and others obtained by Garrow, show that "while at the White House Moyers tracked the bureau's infamous campaign against King." That is not what the record shows. I spent three years and three months at the White House, fewer than six months of them as liaison to the FBI. My contacts with the FBI were occasional until the period following Walter Jenkins' resignation as chief of staff in October 1964. Among the duties I assumed as his successor was liaison to the FBI. Early in 1965 I asked the President to release me from that role and he did.

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If Ferguson had raised these matters with me, I would have discussed them as openly as I have on many occasions, most recently with *The Washington Post* in an interview conducted before Ferguson's attack. The long campaign by the FBI against Martin Luther King was an ignoble affair and compromised all of us touched by it. The surveillance of King authorized by the Kennedy administration had just begun to produce its first flood of information when LBJ was thrust into the White House. I could not tell how seriously the President took the substance of the information brought to him by Hoover but it was apparent he took Hoover seriously. On the occasion of his first meeting with King in the White House, LBJ said to me: "Hoover doesn't think I should be doing this. He thinks King's a dupe of the communists." He told Attorney General Robert Kennedy, who had authorized the surveillance that if Hoover found anything revealing, the FBI director would leak it to segregationists in Congress and to the press to discredit King and the civil rights movement. Hoover did just that, even calling King "a notorious liar." When polls showed that the public backed Hoover over King, the President said to Hubert Humphrey and me: "I've got a tiger by the tail."

I regret that we didn't tell Hoover to go fly a kite, although that is easy to say now. It was not "the tail of a tiger" that had emerged but the tentacle of an octopus; one never knew how many others there were, and only years later did any one of us even know enough to guess at the size of the creature itself. Would that we had been heroes and slain it; instead, the President wanted to mollify Hoover even as we pressed forward in support of the civil rights movement. Ferguson triumphantly declares that after receiving one of the FBI's summaries covering not only King's dealings with associates but also his sexual activities, "Moyers instructed the FBI to disseminate it widely throughout the executive branch." This is an old story and Ferguson distorts it. At the height of Hoover's campaign against King, he sent to the President a report entitled "Communism and the Negro Movement: a Current Analysis," and requested permission to disseminate it. The President went along in an effort to keep Hoover "on the inside of the tent pissing out rather than on the outside pissing in." That was an expedient decision and I agreed with it. However, the President intended the report to go only to officials involved in national security; not one who received it ever violated its classification or divulged its contents.

This raises the large point Ferguson conveniently neglects. David Garrow found in the files, from this same period, a top FBI memorandum that reads: "It is shocking indeed that King continues to increase his influence and status in government circles notwithstanding the information which the White House has" concerning his communist connections and personal conduct. As Garrow comments, "Why officials continued to treat with respect an individual so fraught with Evil as King" was unfathomable to the Bureau.

Moreover, as Richard Power writes in his recent book on Hoover's life, "Lyndon Johnson's greatest achievement as president was to break the back of legally tolerated terrorism against blacks in the South ... Justice Department officials in the Civil Rights Division agree that somehow Lyndon Johnson had finally managed to persuade J. Edgar Hoover to order the FBI to enforce civil rights laws in the South in an aggressive and effective fashion ... Ramsey Clark gives credit to Johnson himself for turning Hoover around ..." So despite Hoover's animosity to King and our occasional temporizing to keep Hoover aboard, the President and his White House staff went the distance on our response to King's summons to "subpoena the conscience of America." The result—the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and the Voting Rights Act of 1965—was an historical breakthrough for the country.

Ferguson finds a "sly prevarication" in my not mentioning in a broadcast about political advertising several years ago that I had commissioned and approved the 1964 "Daisy" ad. But who's prevaricating? I have said on several occasions that I regret the ad and whatever advances in negative campaigning it may have spawned. But here's what I also said (and Ferguson somehow missed) in the broadcast:

"The Daisy spot is a classic example of how emotional ads in politics can be irrelevant to government. Nuclear responsibility is an issue in every election, but in 1964, the issue that should have been debated was what are we going to do about Vietnam? It haunts me all this time later that Lyndon Johnson was portrayed as peacemaker in that campaign and Barry Goldwater the warmonger, but it was LBJ who after his re-election committed the country to a long, bloody war in Vietnam that eventually we lost. If my memory is correct, we never touched on Vietnam in any of the political spots in 1964."

5. I come to the one charge by Ferguson to which I plead guilty: I do run a successful company. It's how I retain my freedom as a journalist, control the content of my work, and maximize production for PBS. The living I derive as an independent producer is far from what I was earning when I quit CBS, but it's enough. Ferguson would color wicked the process by which corporations and foundations make grants to public television stations that in turn contract with production companies like mine to create the programming. He reaches the nadir of his diatribe when he writes that "in any other business this circuitous routing of funds would be called money-laundering." Hold on there. "Money laundering" means taking money made in crime and diverting it into legitimate enterprises. In Ferguson's very next sentence, he concedes that the PBS funding structure is "perfectly legal." What then is he talking about in this slanderous allegation?

For not only is the process "perfectly legal," it's also highly cost-effective for PBS. Public television stations receive far more programming from my efforts alone than they would if they had to pay its full cost. I raise from other sources at least $4 for every $1 derived from PBS. In addition, many of my programs raise considerable sums for individual stations during their pledge drives. Has Ferguson heard any complaints from my PBS customers that they are not getting their money's worth from the work my colleagues and I provide? If so, he should print them.

Ferguson doesn't like the fact that my wife is my partner. Does he presume that because she is a woman she is incompetent or that because she is my wife it is wrong to pay for the work she does? Ferguson didn't have the guts to ask me about Judith when he "interviewed" me. Otherwise, he would have learned that she was eminently qualified to run this operation. She has been a director of corporations for twelve years, including membership on their management and audit committees; thirteen years as trustee of State University of New York, five as Vice Chair; a director of the Rockefeller Institute of Government; five years as a trustee of Hofstra University; a member of the National Governors Association Task Force on Education and Economic Development and my collaborator on previous television projects. Does Ferguson think Ben Bradlee should have fired Sally Quinn simply because he married her?

If Ferguson had inquired, I would also have told him about my son, whom he reports was listed as "researcher" on "at least one show." You bet he was. An enterprising reporter for the *Dallas Times Herald* and *Newsday*, where he won a New York Newspaper Guild Award, Cope took leave of print to work with me on a documentary about D-Day veterans returning to Normandy, a documentary he not only researched but inspired. I would have given Ferguson the names and phone numbers of the veterans Cope located and interviewed for what turned out to be a moving film about men and war; Ferguson could have called them to ask what kind of reporter this young man is.

6. Ferguson cryptically tries to make nefarious my association with The Schumann Foundation. Since he didn't ask me about it during our telephone "interview," here's the story: The president of the foundation, Bill Mullins, was indeed an old friend who sought me out as I was leaving CBS to say that his trustees wanted to increase the impact of their philanthropy by concentrating on a few large grants rather than many small ones. He believed one way to do so was to support my programming. The trustees then made a $3 million grant over three years to match my grants from the MacArthur Foundation and others. That grant had long been made when Bill was diagnosed as terminally ill with cancer. He and the trustees asked me to succeed him. Having been twelve years a trustee of the Rockefeller Foundation, I knew the role would make life even more interesting to me. It did mean foregoing another large grant the trustees had approved for my programming just prior to Bill's resignation, as I cannot take funds from a foundation I head, but I thought the challenge worth the trade-off.

All this Ferguson could have learned if truth had been his intention. Alas, unfortunately for me and for the reputation of TNR, he had another agenda. The transparent tactics he employs are largely recycled from right-wing attacks on me through the years. I believe television (and, indeed, all media) should provide a forum for contrarian ideas and voices marginalized by mainstream journalism and ideological conformism. Ferguson's McCarthyite attack represents little more than just one more attempt to enforce that conformism more rigorously. It won't wash. If he were a gentleman, I would challenge him to a duel. If he were a journalist, I would challenge him to appear with me before any panel of impartial editors in the country. As he is neither, I will rest my case on your readers' sense of fairness.

Sincerely,
Bill Moyers

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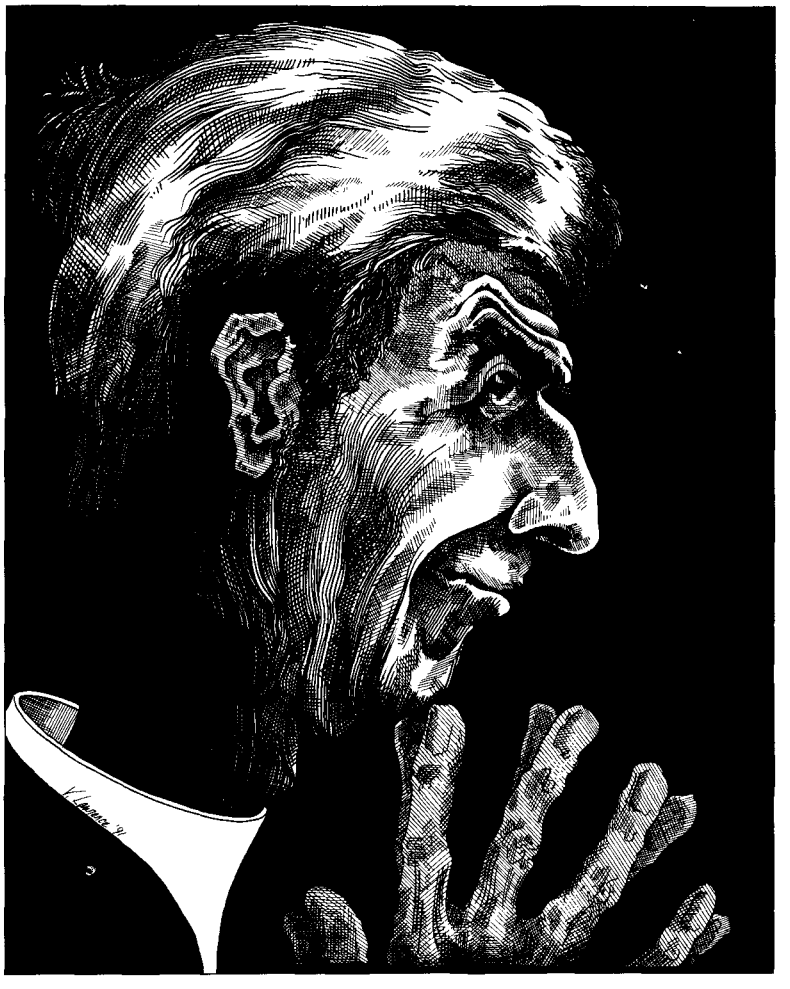
political agenda; as Danforth discovered, it is a trademark of the Bush operation to deflect criticism by projecting it onto others. But Danforth, unlike Bush, does not bear grudges.

Danforth had been placed in the position of receiving the denigrative treatment partly by agreeing to do Bush a favor: at his request, taking on the burden of settling the controversy over the Civil Rights Act. The senator's standing—his endless reasonableness, his unerring moderation—made him ideal for the role. But Danforth also sought it. After attending the President's Dinner, a major GOP fund-raiser in Washington last year, he was shocked by what he considered the racist appeals being made by the speakers. His notion of Republicanism soon set him toward a collision with the White House.



JOHN DANFORTH BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

John C. Danforth, heir to the Ralston Purina fortune, is the richest man in the Senate. His grandfather, William, founder of the company, was a paragon of the Protestant ethic. "Aspire nobly, venture daringly" was among his many slogans. His son Donald, John's father, turned the business into a vast international conglomerate. William, meanwhile, devoted his energies to seeing that his grandchildren shared his outlook. In high school Jack's nickname was "Senator." At Princeton he majored in religion. He went on to Yale Divinity, where he decided he'd prefer to be a lawyer. He graduated from both the divinity and law schools. At the 1952 GOP convention he cheered Ike against Senator Robert Taft, stalwart of the Republican right. Danforth's first job was with a major Manhattan law firm. On the weekends he served as a chaplain at the Sloan-Kettering cancer hospital, ministering to the terminally ill. When he returned home to St. Louis he joined Missouri's largest law firm. In 1968 he was elected attorney general, the first Republican elected to statewide office in nearly thirty years. In the bastion of Harry Truman, Danforth was the classic patrician reformer—clean, fresh, and competent. His office, where Clarence Thomas worked, was the source of much of Missouri's GOP leadership, including Governor John Ashcroft and Senator Kit Bond.

Danforth was elected to the Senate in 1976. He was the leader of a rising local Republicanism that was at odds with the rising national Republicanism. That year, in the GOP presidential primaries, he supported President Ford over Ronald Reagan, who resoundingly won the Missouri caucuses. As a senator, Danforth was hardly a Reaganite. He took his own line—against free trade, prayer in school, and capital punishment. With Bush, he took notable exception on the flag-burning amendment. The president, Danforth remarked in a floor speech, "said that flag burning 'endangers the fabric of our country.' I ask the members of the Senate and the people of the United States to reflect on that statement and to ask yourselves, Is that really correct? Is it really true in your mind that flag burning endangers the fabric of our country?"

"I am not interested in starting fights within the Republican Party," Danforth told me. "I consider myself very much of a mainstream Republican, very supportive of my party, very supportive of Republican presidents, and very supportive of George Bush. I don't see myself as constantly in battle and trying to pick fights within the Republican Party." Yet being a good Republican to Danforth does not mean exploiting race.

In 1971 the Supreme Court ruled in *Griggs* v. *Duke Power* that employers had to prove "business necessity" to justify the disproportionate exclusion of blacks and women. In 1989 a more conservative Court ruled in *Wards Cove* v. *Atonio* that Griggs had led to hiring quotas and that now employees, not employers, must prove discrimination. To restore Griggs, Democrats introduced the Civil Rights Act of 1990. Critics of the bill claimed that it contained a loophole for quotas because it asserted that employees did not have to prove that a specific practice foster discriminatory hiring.

The quota issue was instantly seized upon by the

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Republican right as a political instrument with which to beat Democrats. Bush joined the pummeling. But there were pressures to resolve the issue, and he asked Danforth to forge a bill that he would find acceptable. The president also asked William Coleman, the most distinguished black Republican, former secretary of transportation in the Ford administration, and an influential Washington attorney, to act as an honest broker. "He called and asked me to work it out," Coleman told me. "The president felt I could do it. I've known George Bush for thirty-five years. I campaigned for him. My feeling was that he wanted to get a bill."

Coleman closely assisted Danforth's efforts. On every point where Bush had an objection, they wrought a change. Their bill stated in six separate places that quotas were explicitly forbidden. All potential loopholes were closed. Race, they believed, was eliminated as an issue of contention. Only two points remained to be settled. The first was a statute of limitations for pressing law suits—one year or two years. "It was clear it would be eighteen months," said Coleman. Then there was the question of a cap on punitive damages that women could receive. "It had nothing to do with race," said Coleman. "Everybody would come along, though they would grumble."

Coleman, who sits on nine corporate boards, had brought in Robert Allen, the chief executive officer of AT&T and chairman of the Business Roundtable, to participate in making the compromise. When it appeared that agreement was reached, Coleman went to Danforth, who in turn went to Senator Edward Kennedy. Kennedy agreed to the changes. At last the issue would be put away.

But when Danforth presented the resolution to the White House, there was an explosion. John Sununu, presidential counsel C. Boyden Gray, and Attorney General Richard Thornburgh vehemently rushed to break up the accord. Robert Allen was driven out of the negotiations. The banner of quotas was once again raised by the White House. "This is not a quota issue. It has nothing to do with quotas," protested an exasperated Coleman. "This is another viciousness of the White House position."

Coleman confronted the president. "He looked at me with almost tears in his eyes. 'If my lawyers say I can't do something, I can't do it, Bill.' I said: 'Get some other advisers.'... Every time the president says that—quotas—it makes me slightly sick in the stomach."

Danforth, who also tried to make the case to Bush, said: "I have seen the look on his face and heard the tone of his voice. I am confident that he does not want race to be a political issue." And yet Bush rejected Danforth's efforts, and he has been scourged by the White House. "Well," said Danforth, "all I can do is to tell you that I have had a number of conversations with the president with respect to the civil rights law, and with respect to the politics of it.... It's hard for me to put myself in other people's minds. I know that there are Republicans who believe that the art of politics is the art of developing so-called wedge issues, issues that divide the populace. They believe that this is a winner—the quota issue, a question of race."

Danforth has put himself forward, not to precipitate a nasty conflict, but to avoid one. And even now he would like very much to believe in Bush's earnestness. The patrician senator is at loggerheads on this issue with the patrician president because, ultimately, they have radically different conceptions of acceptable political behavior. For Bush, power is its own justification. For Danforth, moderation is so ingrained that it is his real goal. At the Yale Divinity School, according to his oldest friend, Alex Netchvolodoff, Danforth was disturbed at the credence given to situational ethics. Out of disillusionment he turned to law—and politics. •

The other side of hate crimes.

THOUGHT CRIMES

By Jonathan Rauch

Mayor David Dinkins marched with the gay contingent this year in New York's St. Patrick's Day parade. Michael Burke, a 30-year-old resident of New Jersey, threw a can of beer at him. Burke missed, thus avoiding a felonious assault charge. Instead he was charged with reckless endangerment and disorderly conduct. Because the crime was deemed bias-related, and because it was Burke's first offense, the prosecutors recommended, and the defendant and the judge accepted, what's known as an alternative sentence: forty hours of community service in the New York Mayor's Office for the Lesbian and Gay Community.

Burke might have gone to jail, surely an appropriate sentence for a man who tried to brain a public official. He might have done community service at a head-trauma clinic, where he could see the consequences of violent acts like his own. Instead he was sent to work with gays. This penalty makes sense only as a corrective for his repugnant attitude toward homosexuals.

Hardly anyone seems to share my dismay. *The New York Times* article about the sentence carried the approving headline: "Beer-Flinger Sent to a Fitting Cooler." At the Sentencing Project in Washington, assistant director Marc Mauer says that such sentences may help prevent violent acts in the future. "I think we do have a responsibility, purely from a crime-control point

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of view, to confront the causes of his action." Matt Foreman, the executive director of the Gay and Lesbian Anti-Violence Project in New York, said he was thrilled with the sentence.

Should prejudice, which often leads to injustice, be punished? Should hate, which often leads to violence, be a crime? More and more well-meaning Americans are now saying yes to both questions. It's the wrong answer. I say this despite being a member of the class that Burke allegedly sought to denigrate. The minority-led march toward attitude activism and prejudice policing is dangerous and counterproductive.

To see why, consider separately the two component issues in the beer-can incident. One, a man hurled a dangerous object at a public official. Two, he did this because ostensibly—he denied it—he was prejudiced against homosexuals. Obviously the act of violence deserves punishment. The hard question is: What do you do about the prejudice that lay behind the act?

One option is the by now familiar inculcation of tolerance—racial, sexual, cultural—being pursued in universities around the country. Everyone has heard the stories. A University of Michigan student who makes a tasteless joke is required to attend gay-sensitivity sessions and publish a piece of self-criticism called "Learned My Lesson." The University of Maine posts messages on the inside of bathroom stall doors: "Sexual harassment is not defined by the intentions of the accused... [but] by the effect on the victim." People for the American Way, a liberal group originally founded to counter the thought-policing influence of right-wing fundamentalists, recently issued a report urging universities to combat prejudice even "when there have been few, if any, overt expressions of intolerance on campus."

The campus efforts to stamp out prejudice have been failing egregiously and noisily, just as they should. Universities' business is to test prejudices in debate, not to regulate them. But short of hard-core political correctness is a compromise approach, one that is much harder to object to. This is the hate-crimes approach. It says that prejudice by itself should not be punished; but prejudice together with violence should be.

There's something to be said for hate-crimes laws. The argument is that crimes such as cross burnings are a threat directed against a whole class, and a vulnerable class at that. Clearly, throwing a swastika-emblazoned rock through a synagogue window is not the same as throwing any old rock through any old window. More and more state legislatures agree. At least two-thirds of them, according to the Anti-Defamation League, have adopted statutes against hate crimes. For instance, Michigan's law specifies up to two years in prison and up to $5,000 in fines for "ethnic intimidation," in which a person assaults, vandalizes, or threatens "with specific intent to intimidate or harass another person because of that person's race, color, religion, gender, or national origin."

The trouble is that in practice such laws come close to criminalizing prejudice. Ohio passed an "ethnic intimidation" law, which deems crimes more serious if committed "by reason of the race, color, religion, or national origin of another person or group of persons." This verges on making what a defendant says or believes about race a part of the crime—and, as a state appellate court pointed out in overturning the law, it "vests virtual complete discretion in the hands of the state to determine whether a suspect committed the alleged acts based on ... race, color, religion, or national origin." A St. Paul, Minnesota, ordinance (also under challenge) goes a step further: the law makes it a misdemeanor to place "on public or private property a symbol, object, appellation, characterization, or graffiti, including but not limited to a burning cross or Nazi swastika, which one knows or has reasonable grounds to know arouses anger, alarm, or resentment in others on the basis of race, color, creed, or religion." This seems to say that it's a hate crime to upset someone. In Florida a black man has been charged under the state's hate-crime law for calling a white policeman a "cracker."

Why shouldn't the law be used to combat destructive attitudes? For instance, why shouldn't a violent racist be sentenced to work for the NAACP, where he can confront the humanity of the people he hates? Why shouldn't a swastika-scrawler be sentenced to study the Holocaust?

First, because forced re-education rarely works. A lot of governments have tried it, and the results are to be seen in the rubble of communism.

Second, because the biggest problem in America today—for minorities and non-minorities alike—is not racism, prejudice, homophobia, or what have you. It's also not drugs, medical underinsurance, or even poverty. It's violence. Young black men face more risk in the streets of Chicago's South Side and Los Angeles's Watts than American soldiers faced in Vietnam. Hate-crimes activists argue that bias-motivated crime deserves special handling because it is especially harmful to society. But they have a hard time explaining why this is so. Why is it more terrorizing or socially destabilizing to stab someone because he's Jewish, for instance, than to stab someone for his sneakers? The former signals that Jews are in danger; the latter signals that everyone is in danger. And there's an insidious cost to coming down especially hard on violence that's linked to bias, drugs, or other secondary ills. Necessarily, if you say that assault motivated by bias is especially objectionable, you also say that assault not motivated by bias is less objectionable. Tying the fight against violence to other political agendas clutters and compromises what needs to be a clarion message: violence is intolerable, period.

Third, and most important, because the goal itself is misguided. The ADL, in a 1988 report, said, "Importantly, laws which more severely punish violent manifestations of anti-Semitism and bigotry demonstrate the country's resolve to work toward the elimination of prejudice." For private groups such as the ADL and the NAACP, as well as for parents and preachers, "elimination

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of prejudice" is indeed a worthy goal. But different groups will have different ideas of what constitutes "prejudice." (Is secular humanism "prejudice" against Christians? Is Afrocentrism "prejudice" against whites?) That's why eliminating prejudice is exactly what "the country"—meaning its governmental authorities—must *not* resolve to do. Not only is wiping out bias and hate impossible in principle, in practice "eliminating prejudice" through force of law means eliminating all but one prejudice—that of whoever is most politically powerful.

Personally, being both Jewish and gay, I do not expect everybody to like me. I expect some people to hate me. I fully intend to hate those people back. I will criticize and excoriate them. But I will not hurt them, and I insist that they not hurt me. I want unequivocal, no-"buts" protection from violence and vandalism. But that's enough. I do not want policemen and judges inspecting opinions.

I think it's ironic and a little sad that gays, of all people, would endorse a criminal sentence that has overtones of forced re-education. Homosexuals know a thing or two about being sent for therapy or re-education to have their attitudes straightened out. Jews, too, know something about courts that decide whose belief is "hateful." As on campus, so in the courtroom: the best protection for minorities is not prejudice police but public criticism—genuine intellectual pluralism, in which bigots, too, have their say. Minorities above all should be worrying about Michael Burke's sentence.

JONATHAN RAUCH is a contributing editor of *National Journal.*

Reform the hearings.

NO SHOW SHOW

By Robert F. Nagel

The Senate Judiciary Committee questioned Clarence Thomas for some five days. To what end is still unclear. The hearings were obscure, repetitive, hypocritical, boring. Bubbles of contrived controversy, such as Thomas's "confirmation conversion," occasionally floated to the surface, where they popped of their own insubstantiality. Senators labored to discover his position on "the three tiers of equal protection scrutiny"; they confronted him with snippets of speeches and elicited his opinions on privacy cases; they probed on the idea of natural law; law books were waved in the air. All to no avail.

The senators flailed about in order to find out what, in one sense, they can never discover. They wanted to know how Thomas would vote once elevated to the Court, but history shows that assurances from nominees mean little about future behavior. (Many activist justices, including William Brennan, Thurgood Marshall, and Harry Blackmun, provided reassuring bromides about judicial restraint at their hearings.) In another sense, they already knew Thomas's political and legal thinking. The committee had his speeches and judicial opinions. They were informed about his performance at the EEOC. They knew he was nominated by a Republican administration as part of a sustained effort to turn the tide of leftist judicial activism that had produced an explosion of rights affecting all areas of American life. The hearings had about them not only a dismal sense of frustration but also of absurdity.

What was wrong? Before giving in to cynicism about the fecklessness of politicians, it is important to ask whether the format and function of the hearings could be altered to allow the Senate to play a more effective role. Many members of the Judiciary Committee are able, serious people. If the structure within which they are operating does not permit them to perform their duties, we should reconsider that structure.

The place to start is with the recognition that the Senate's duty under the Constitution is not merely to vote on specific nominees (to "consent"). The Senate also is to "advise," that is, to bring the full force of its deliberations to bear on the kinds of selections the president makes. What would happen if the Senate took more seriously its duty to "advise"? For starters, the Judiciary Committee might call nominees only for the purpose of making brief explanations of their background and record. In some cases it might not be necessary for the nominee to appear at all. Unthinkable? Until 1925 Supreme Court nominees did not appear before the Senate; the practice of personal appearances did not become entrenched until about 1955, and only since 1959 (with the hearings on Potter Stewart's nomination) did it become customary for the Senate to inquire in any detail about a nominee's views on cases or legal philosophy.

Freed from the largely futile job of trying to get assurances about how the nominee would vote once on the Court, senators could jettison much of the legalistic mumbo jumbo. No more talk about the Ninth Amendment, penumbras, the "Lemon test," or the difference between a "substantial" state interest and a "compelling" state interest. No more chin-scratching about natural law. No more heavy briefing books prepared by law professors who already have too much influence over what the Court does. No more pretending to be judicial.

Without the nominee to badger, what would the committee do? It would be free to consider the best direction for the Court in a way that is suitable for politicians. Electoral politics is supposed to permit citizens to register their reactions to government policy. Legislatures are places where we can explain what it is

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like trying to live with the bright ideas of our leaders. Senators can filter those reactions and orchestrate their presentation. They do it all the time when holding hearings on proposed statutes and treaties. They could use the confirmation process in much the same way: summon citizens whose lives have been affected by particular court decisions; police officers; victims of racial and sexual discrimination; religious fundamentalists; writers and journalists; artists; and so on. With imagination, the hearings could be transformed into a way to illustrate, dramatize, and debate the plethora of consequences bound up with a nomination to the Court.

The Senate could be a forum where information on the judiciary's record could be publicized, where the consequences of legal doctrine for ordinary life could find articulation, and where debate over the wisdom of judicial policies could take place. Consider "the right to privacy." What has happened because of the Court's aggressive efforts to protect this value? Certainly abortions have become more freely available. Thankfully, this has reduced enormously the number of "back-alley" abortions, which has affected people's lives in the most immediate ways. Has it also, as many fear, caused us to become more casual or more selfish in our decisions about terminating pregnancies? Abortion (as well as contraception) is now more widely available to minors with or without parental consent. This surely has reduced the number of unwanted or unplanned babies. How has it affected family life and parental authority?

Or consider the separation of church and state: some state aid to religious schools has been prevented. Is the government nevertheless involved in promoting religious programs? Have parochial schools been excessively burdened, so that religious freedom is threatened? And are the public schools fair to both the religious and the non-religious?

Such questions about the past bear on the direction that the Court should take in the future. At present, confirmation debates ignore real questions or beg them or insinuate about them. If all else fails, the legalistic vocabulary enables the senators to glide lightly over them. If the Senate is to give serious "advice" about the proper direction for the Supreme Court, it should examine and debate the record of the federal judiciary. To do this, it may be necessary occasionally for the Senate to disengage itself from guessing games about the predilections of specific nominees.

It might be feared that elevating the "advice" function while de-emphasizing the "consent" function is a recipe for powerful debate but not for influence. It does seem counterintuitive to try to shape the direction of the Court by paying less attention to controlling or selecting the people who are to sit on the Court. But, to the limited extent that the Senate can predict how nominees will perform in specific cases, it can do so with much less effort than is now applied to the task. Moreover, that large effort has distracted the Senate from an endeavor that does have potential for influence.

Recall what was best in the Bork hearings. Robert Bork's answers on issues like privacy and restrictive covenants were powerful enough intellectually. But in the political arena his distinctions and justifications seemed somehow beside the point (and, to some, downright sinister). This was not because of Senator Joseph Biden's reliance on the theories of elite professors about "unenumerated rights" or "state action." What made Bork's answers sound limited and tinny were widespread perceptions of normalcy, decency, and self-interest. Through the heavy haze of legalisms, the force of non-legal standards could be felt. The political forum exposed the legal mind to broader societal values and to rich forms of discourse. Although it was largely implicit in the Bork hearings, this was "advice." When it manifests widespread public expectations and desires, it can affect presidential decisions about nominations and judicial performance itself.

There are, of course, limits to how much the Senate's advice can or should influence the direction of the Court. But the achievement of an appropriate degree of democratic influence over the Court may require more concern about the judiciary's past performance and less with prediction, more self-assurance about politics and less preoccupation with law. And at the very least, the hearings would be more comprehensible—and considerably less boring.

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A Peruvian phony.

SO-SO DE SOTO

By Tina Rosenberg

It was to Washington, not Mississippi, that the modern-day Hernando de Soto came, in search of not just fame and funding but also policy impact, and like his namesake of 450 years ago, he conquered. De Soto, Peruvian entrepreneur, author, and politician, has become Washington's mantra on solving the problems of the Third World. Ronald Reagan and George Bush have cited his ideas in major speeches. When Alan Woods took over the U.S. Agency for International Development in 1987, he listed as one of his three most important goals the promotion of de Soto's work. With AID's help, de Soto has given speeches around the world. His book, *The Other Path*, is an international best seller, widely seen as revolutionary in its thinking about the poor.

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The thesis of *The Other Path*—its title a challenge to other Peruvian revolutionaries, the Shining Path guerrillas—is that bureaucracy keeps poor Peruvians from joining the legal economy. Peru's "informals" generally run businesses and factories and build homes, but due to red tape and corruption, they must do so without legally registering their activities, at great cost to themselves and, ultimately, to Peru. The bureaucracy is a product of the country's economic system: business success depends not on one's ability to compete, but on currying favor with influential politicians. De Soto calls this mercantilism. Peru must remove the bureaucratic obstacles, he writes, and consult those affected by new laws before they are made.

In Peru, however, de Soto is seen not as a prophet but as a bit of a hustler who has pulled one over on the gringos, winning funding that far outstrips the impact of his ideas. His prescriptions for helping the poor have run up against the enormous barriers to change in Peru, and even where they have been implemented, they do not promise to make much of a dent in the country's underdevelopment. Much of his clout in Washington comes from his image as a man who listens to the little guy, but he has parlayed that influence into close relations in Peru with the powerful and wealthy.

Hernando de Soto was born in Peru in 1931, a diplomat's son, but spent most of his first 48 years in Canada, the United States, and Switzerland. In 1979 he moved from Switzerland to Peru to take over a mine. Upon his return he noticed that Lima's streets were clogged with women selling cigarettes at traffic lights and men with pushcarts full of used Ford parts. And he saw another contrast with Europe: "When I was directing an engineering firm in Switzerland," he told me, "I never needed to talk with politicians and rarely with lawyers. But here businessmen must keep up their political contacts at all costs."

De Soto's observations were not original. The left has long criticized the coziness between businessmen and politicos. Academic research into the role of informal workers in Peru's shadow economy stretches back at least two decades. But de Soto's solutions were new. He agrees with the liberal diagnosis that the poor are poor because of outside forces but prescribes a conservative treatment. He treats the informals not as victims, but as the Henry Fords of tomorrow. Whereas left-wing solutions to the problem centered on expensive social programs, for de Soto the only needed changes were legal ones. The real genius of his ideas, however, was not scholarship but marketing. He was selling precisely the idea the Reagan populists wanted to buy. "The Reaganites had no way to think about the Third World," says Javier Iguiñez, a Peruvian economist on the left. "De Soto gave them one: the poor are just like us."

To Reaganites, however, the most marketable aspect of *The Other Path* is what it does not say. It does not talk about helping small businessmen acquire the infrastructure, technical assistance, or capital they need. It does not propose improving education, health care, or other programs that could get Peru's poor off to a better start in life. It does not address discrimination against Indians, which has shut Peru's poor out of many opportunities. Most informals are one rung above beggars. Redefining them as entrepreneurs doesn't cure what made them poor, especially in an economy that has experienced one of the worst declines in modern history. (The informal sector exploded in part because traditional jobs dried up; only 9 percent of workers in Lima earn a salary they can live on.) Not even legal businesses can get credit. But the book asserts that legal reforms alone will suffice to unlock the informal sector's engine of growth. De Soto compared the state to a dying emergency-room patient and told me, "I want to burn down the hospital."

When de Soto returned to Peru the military government that had ruled since 1968 was preparing to hold elections. De Soto, a few right-wing politicians, and the novelist Mario Vargas Llosa (who wrote the introduction to *The Other Path*) held a conference to propose policies for the coming civilian rule. The U.S. Embassy printed and distributed a booklet of the talks. In 1980 de Soto founded the Institute for Liberty and Democracy, or ILD, Peru's first right-wing think tank, which today occupies a mansion in Lima's wealthy Miraflores neighborhood.

De Soto went to Washington for funding. On one trip in 1983 he made a plea for money at a meeting at the U.S. Chamber of Commerce. There he met Peter Schaefer, a conservative consultant who would be his main U.S. promoter. "I was knocked over," Schaefer says of meeting de Soto. "In my time in the Third World I had taken all these questions I couldn't answer and put them in a box. All of a sudden here was this guy rummaging through the box, answering my questions." Schaefer's reaction was not unusual among American conservatives. De Soto's English is colloquial (in contrast to his rather formal Spanish); in small groups, he's charismatic, funny, smart.

De Soto got money from the U.S. Chamber of Commerce's Center for International Private Enterprise, from the Smith Richardson Foundation, and directly from AID—the AID funds rising to $2 million in 1990. When Woods took over AID, Schaefer went to work for him. At AID's suggestion, the Sri Lankan and Salvadoran governments, among others, hired de Soto as a consultant. AID sent him around the world to make speeches and got him booked on U.S. talk shows. Among those de Soto schmoozed was an obscure young Indiana congressman, Dan Quayle. When it seemed that Michael Dukakis might become president, he began to hobnob with Democrats as well.

De Soto's first attempt to test his theories, however, did not come until 1984, in the last months of the government of Fernando Belaunde, the conservative politician who won the first elections after military rule. At de Soto's urging Belaunde set up a commission to allow for public comment on proposed laws before their passage. Belaunde paid it no attention, and law-making continued to be a private matter for politicians and their business cronies. Alan García, the Social Democrat

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president who followed Belaunde, gave de Soto another chance. A new ILD law cut red tape: registering a business now takes one day instead of 289; to get a passport, you need two documents instead of ten. The ILD also set up a Public Property register, which let poor people come in with a few documents and obtain a legal title to their land in less than a month. About 30,000 people got their titles—a good number, but fewer than de Soto expected. "It should have been more successful by now," he says. In 1988 the ILD began a new project, the Popular Mortgage, to allow new titleholders to mortgage their houses to get capital. But the new titleholders were indifferent, the man who ran it told me. He and his staff applied for mortgages for twenty people, then shut down. De Soto had lost interest.

What de Soto calls his most important project, the Democratic Decisionmaking in Government Initiative, is stalled in Congress. The package involves public comment on proposed laws, referenda, and town meetings. No one in Peru thinks it will pass; Congress is not eager to reduce its own power; and de Soto (to his credit) has made too many enemies in Congress to sway its decisions. "It is just one more law, one more attempt to change things from the top down," says Enrique Ghersi, an old de Soto colleague, now a Lima congressman. "The proposals are not based in reality. De Soto's impact is zero."

To finance his assault on the Peruvian plutocracy, de Soto curried favor with Washington's wealthy. To institute his democratizing reforms, he entered the circles of Peru's elite. In 1987, when García announced he would nationalize Peru's banks, de Soto joined Vargas Llosa in a campaign to defeat the move, and subsequently supported Vargas Llosa's presidential campaign, but soon quit. One reason was that Vargas Llosa—who appealed to Peruvians because he was a political outsider—began to ally himself with the traditional rightists de Soto calls mercantilists. Vargas Llosa, in turn, did not approve of de Soto using the campaign and its issues to raise funds for his institute. Ultimately, the campaign had no room for two such egos. The two men no longer speak.

But Alberto Fujimori, a real outsider, beat Vargas Llosa, and de Soto jumped aboard. One Saturday shortly after the June 1990 election, he went to Fujimori's house. Fujimori was planning a trip to the United States and Europe, and de Soto offered to use his contacts to make appointments with politicians and heads of groups such as the World Bank. Fujimori accepted.

De Soto, who returned to Lima midway through Fujimori's trip, flew back to Miami to join the president's flight to Peru and stepped off the plane looking as though he'd been with Fujimori the whole time. Soon he'd edged out Fujimori's economic team and turned the president toward the policy the banks wanted: shock. It had been the principal issue of the campaign, with Vargas Llosa for and Fujimori opposed. But under de Soto's tutelage, the president instituted the most austere austerity program ever implemented in Latin America. "I told Fujimori he'd been badly advised," de Soto explained.

Meanwhile, de Soto's position as de facto ambassador to the United States was making him more powerful in Peru. He turned to the issue at the center of U.S.-Peru relations: drugs. Both García and Fujimori had refused U.S. offers of military aid, and Washington was growing impatient. The Japanese government said there would be no money until the feud with the United States ended. So de Soto drafted a document outlining an assault on coca leaf he called the "Fujimori Doctrine," the president signed on, and the Americans negotiated, happy to be dealing with the one Peruvian they understood. The document was pure de Soto. He wrung a major concession from the United States: that the coca growers in the Upper Huallaga Valley were not criminals but poor peasants—and, of course, informals. The doctrine's only new solution was to give them title to their land. De Soto touts it as a panacea, but no one else I spoke with believes it.

Coca growers with land titles are better off than coca growers without titles, but they still grow coca. And a long list of organizations in the Upper Huallaga—where de Soto has never set foot—complain that Señor Consultación negotiated what amounts to an international treaty without consulting the affected parties. Nor did he bother to consult the Peruvian House or Senate. "People don't know if he's representing us at the White House or he's the U.S. ambassador in Lima," says Jorge Morelli, economics editor of the right-wing Lima daily *Expreso.*

De Soto's intellectual contributions deserve note. He has made a powerful indictment of business-as-usual in the Third World and has focused attention on encouraging entrepreneurism. But his Other Path is not a path out of poverty and cannot live up to the hopes with which American conservatives have endowed it. De Soto has also never made his methods—his lack of consultation on the drug agreement, his relationships with Washington's wealthy and with Peru's president-of-turn—agree with his goals. He would have gotten nowhere that way—one sign of the resilience of the system he hopes to change.

A few minutes into our interview, de Soto took a call from Admiral Carlos Martínez, chief of the military Joint Command. The assured, combative de Soto became obsequious on the phone. "Yes my admiral, of course my admiral, whatever you need," he said repeatedly. What the admiral needed was a favor from Economics Minister Carlos Boloña, a de Soto protégé. De Soto called Boloña, throwing in phrases in English, then called the admiral back to assure him *todo bien.* He hung up and looked at me sheepishly. "The navy provides security for the ILD," he said. "In return we have to do some political things." He sighed. "The new world will be made up of former mercantilists, like me."

TINA ROSENBERG is the author of *Children of Cain: Violence and the Violent in Latin America* (Morrow).

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Zzzzzzz

By Jim Holt

A man requires six hours of sleep a night, a woman seven, and a fool eight. This was one of Aristotle's cracks, according to my Greek barber on upper Broadway. So far I have not succeeded in locating the reference. What Aristotle certainly did say on the subject, among other things, was that those who are dwarflike or who have abnormally large heads are by way of being addicted to sleep. Like many of the philosopher's generalizations, this seems dubious. I attempted to verify it with Arnaud de Borchgrave and Swifty Lazar, but my calls were not returned.

World historical figures are often thought to be immune from the need for sleep. Frederick the Great, Goethe, and Napoleon were famously frugal sleepers. Thomas Edison boasted that he got by on only four hours of sleep a night (not a terribly impressive claim considering that he took frequent naps during the day). Leonardo da Vinci experimented for a while with sleeping fifteen minutes every four hours, which totted up to a mere hour and a half of sleep a day; yet he abandoned this regimen after five months when he began feeling all tingly around the head and biting his tongue with alarming frequency.

Poor Ronald Reagan was mocked for being overly fond of sleep and dozing off at impolitic times (as he did during an audience with the pope). He has, however, much distinguished company. Alexander the Great, on the morning of his crucial battle with Darius, was roused from his slumbers only with great difficulty. Cato fell asleep while waiting to commit suicide, snoring so loudly that he could be heard in the next room. For Dr. Johnson, who, to his own disgust, habitually lay abed till noon, rising was so painful that he talked of rigging up a pulley device to accomplish the task by gradation. Epimenides, after inventing the Liar's Paradox, called it a day's work and proceeded to sleep solidly for fifty-seven years. So, at least, it is said.

The rest of us spend something closer to a third of our lives asleep. But why? Just what is the point of sleep? Knitter-up of the raveled sleeve of care, sore labor's bath, balm of hurt minds—it is no wonder that Lady Macbeth grew testy at such blather. Today the most researchers can tell us is that the function of sleep is to ward off sleepiness caused by inadequate sleep—which has the ring of a tautology without, I think, quite being one. More substantive theories—that we sleep to recharge the body or brain, to economize on energy, to wile away the sunless hours, or, perchance, to dream—have little evidence to commend them. Sleep confers no known evolutionary advantage; indeed, it makes animals easy game for their predators. Such is our ignorance about the natural purpose of sleep that one is loath to mock a pair of Michigan State economists who recently proposed that people hit the sack simply because they have nothing more lucrative to do (a conclusion boldly derived from a regression study for the National Bureau of Economic Research that showed that a wage increase of 25 percent leads on average to a 1 percent reduction in the time devoted to sleep). Being rather a slumber aesthete myself, I am inclined to plump for a purely "dormicist" point of view: sleep for sleep's sake! And I am hopeful that sleep will afford me an easy interval in which to die.

Precisely how long one should sleep each night is a vexed issue. An error either way can have dire consequences. Excessive sleep "dulls the spirit, fills the head full of gross humours, causeth distillations, rheums, and great stores of excrement in the brain," declares one antique source, Fuchsius, according to Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. On the other hand, "Waking overmuch causeth dryness of the brain, frenzy, dotage, and makes the body dry, lean, hard, and ugly to behold," says another, Lemnius. In New York, the city that never sleeps, it is evidently the latter syndrome that predominates. This used to have something to do with Studio 54 and the Mudd Club. Now, alas, it is more attributable to such innovations as twenty-four-hour trading desks, which allow Wall Street types emulous of the ever wakeful Michael Milken to trade Swiss francs on the Hong Kong exchange on their way to the bathroom at four in the morning.

Unfashionable as it is to enjoy a full night's slumber in New York, not all of the sleeplessness here is voluntary. Insomnia is rife. The causes are manifold. Build-

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ings whistle; prewar plumbing sings in full throat; manholes are sent rocketing into the air by underground steam explosions that make the welkin ring; construction sites illegally swing into action in the small hours; there is howling and gibbering in the streets all night long. These are among the noises that New Yorkers must weave into their dreams if they are to have any hope of repose. This challenge serves as a formal constraint that lends our dreams poetic richness. Dreaming in hushed Washington and its suburbs, by contrast, is like writing free verse—a rather uninspiring affair.

Though New York is at the cutting edge when it comes to insomnia, the rest of the world seems to be marching in the same direction. According to numerous polls, nearly half of all adults in industrialized countries complain regularly about inadequate sleep. More drugs are taken to induce sleep than for any other non-recreational purpose. Nor is the evidence all based on the testimony of soi-disant insomniacs. Judging from diaries and other personal accounts, scientists have determined that the typical person in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries slept a total of nine-and-a-half hours each night. By the 1950s the figure had fallen to between seven-and-a-half and eight hours. Since then it has declined further still. Today sleep experts claim that a majority of people are sleeping an hour to ninety minutes a night less than they should.

Sleep clinics are burgeoning; there are now some 140 in the United States alone (although only those in New York have two-month waiting lists for new patients). Doctors in these clinics put insomniacs on "sleep-restriction" regimens, laying down the line on when they are allowed to go to bed and get up; the object is to increase their "sleep efficiency," the time spent asleep divided by the time spent in bed. Exotic new sleep disorders have cropped up, from nocturnal myoclonus (twitching of the legs) to severe bruxism (teeth-grinding), which purportedly prevents you from reaching the REM cycle. One of the more terrifying is "sleep apnea," in which the throat muscles become so relaxed during sleep that the passage of air is blocked and breathing ceases. People who suffer from apnea have their sleep interrupted up to 2,000 times a night without knowing it, which scarcely allows them an interval in which to be awakened by the occasional car alarm. In their dreams they sometimes imagine that an old woman is riding upon them so hard that they are stifled for want of breath. About 3 percent of adult males are unwittingly afflicted with sleep apnea, which translates into about 2,000 of those reading this. If you snore, you have special cause for worry; think hard on this as you try to nod off tonight. (You might also look into acquiring a facial mask designed to overcome apnea by forcing air through nasal passages, or even consider a tracheostomy, an operation to cure snoring.)

Then too there are our old friends the incubus and the succubus. Incubi, the existence of which was recognized in the Middle Ages by civil and ecclesiastical law, annoy women by seeking carnal intercourse with them during their slumbers. Succubi take female form and trouble sleeping men with their amatory attention. (Contrary to widespread belief, there is nothing suctorial about a succubus; the expression derives from the Latin "to lie under.") The sleep loss caused by these fiendish sprites is incalculable.

Is the global epidemic of insomnia a matter of grave concern? It does have its hazards. Sleep deprivation is no boon to judgment or competence. The mishaps at Chernobyl and Three Mile Island, we are often reminded, occurred at night when the operators were not fully alert. The decision to launch the space shuttle *Challenger* in spite of dangerously frigid weather conditions was made in the early morning hours when most of those involved would normally have been asleep. Drowsiness undeniably imperils those on the road, although perhaps not so much as is generally thought; German scientists using remote sensing devices to track a driver along the Autobahn during a three-hour period in the middle of the night found that during one stretch he was fast asleep for twenty minutes straight, all the while maintaining his car on the road at an even seventy miles per hour.

Sleep deprivation also has less tangible consequences. It can erode one's ability to experience joy, to live—as Bertrand Russell would say—with *zest*. Those who habitually sleep only a few hours each night tend to lose their sense of humor, if they had one in the first place. (Margaret Thatcher, who reputedly sleeps only three to four hours each night, is often adduced as a case in point, despite the fact that she got off several excellent jests as prime minister.) Paradoxically, although insomnia is often a sign of despondency, being deprived of a few hours of sleep several nights in a row tends to lift one's mood, and has been successfully used as a treatment for clinical depression.

As for more prolonged sleeplessness, it is known that being kept awake a month or more results in death for many animals, but the evidence in the case of humans is largely anecdotal. "We read that King Perseus of Macedon, being prisoner at Rome, was brought to his death by being kept from sleep," notes Montaigne, "but Pliny instances persons who have lived long without sleep." Indeed, someone at a dinner party recently told me that there's a man living in Cuba who never sleeps. When a plague of insomnia descends upon the town of Macondo in García Márquez's *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, the first thing to go is the villagers' memory. Soon they are reduced to such mnemonic stratagems as inscribing the names of things on the objects themselves and publicly posting not-to-be forgotten propositions, such as "God exists." By and by they forget how to read.

For chronic insomniacs who worry that this might be their fate, numerous soporifics can be recommended. Classic remedies include white poppy, mandragora,

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darnel, henbane, belladonna, and valerian, all of which can be obtained from nearly any Korean greengrocer. Cardan and Mizaldus, obscure authorities alluded to in *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, advise anointing the teeth with the earwax of a dog; if this seems unpalatable, placing horseleeches behind the ears before retiring is an excellent alternative. Opium proved rich in the dormitive virtue for Coleridge, Southey, and George Crabbe; all three, alas, were plagued by night terrors as a side effect, and Crabbe in particular found his dreams haunted by nasty phantasms he called "the Leather Lads."

Drinking is a time-honored method for scudding off into the Land of Nod, and one that I have found eminently successful. The only wrinkle is that once the body has succeeded in metabolizing all the alcohol, there is a "rebound effect" that is inimical to further sleep. This is familiar to those who have limited their consumption to cocktails before dinner and a single bottle of wine during the meal; slumber ensues quickly enough, but around 4 a.m. one finds oneself bang awake. The elegant solution to this problem is a few postprandial glasses of port. By regulating the quantity, it is not hard to arrange for the "rebound effect" to coincide with the moment that the alarm clock explodes. Admittedly, there is a certain amount of social opprobrium attached to such drinking habits, but this can be partly dispelled by pointing out that from a scientific perspective there is no real basis for the invidious distinction between "going to sleep/waking up" and "passing out/coming to."

A more socially acceptable option for the sleepless is tryptophan. This substance is a biochemical precursor of serotonin, the neurotransmitter that functions during dream-sleep. Unfortunately, a bad batch of tryptophan recently poisoned several hundred users, and it has been pulled off the market. But one can still get one's fix of tryptophan simply by consuming a glass of milk before going to bed—or, better yet, a bit of cheese, which, owing to the challenge it presents to the digestive system, causes one's dreams to take on a rather rococo character.

Intellectually inclined insomniacs might avail themselves of Lewis Carroll's book of "Pillow Problems," a set of ingenious mathematical puzzles designed to hasten the advent of sleep. (These also provide a welcome diversion, I have found, during overlong sermons and Mostly Mozart concerts.) Those lucky enough to live in New York can ring up a "sleep line" at Lenox Hill Hospital that plays an eight-minute recorded message designed to lull the caller to sleep ("Breathe out the tension, breathe in the cool comfort, like the sunlight and the moonlight ...," in tones reminiscent of inspirational bits before TV sign-off). If this is busy, try phoning a boring acquaintance on the West Coast; it was Fran Lebowitz, I think, who said that God created Los Angeles so insomniacs in New York would have a place to call in the middle of the night.

Should none of these measures prove sufficiently somniferous, there is the danger that nighttime insomnia will lead to daytime hypersomnia. Opportunities for discreet napping must be found. Anyone who has ever worked in an office or sat through a conference has evolved his own strategies for snatching bits of sweet oblivion undetected. These typically involve assuming a pose suggestive of painfully profound thought, with the brow and eyes obscured by the outspread fingers of one hand (a variant of this, intended to convey an attitude of reverent prayer, is often observed in church). If protocol allows no other option, it is always possible to sleep with one's eyes open, although friends who have observed me doing this over the years have remarked that it gives one a dopey, glassy-eyed mien. Dolphins are said to be capable of sleeping with half their brain, while the other hemisphere remains awake. But so far only a few teamsters have managed to master this neat trick.

Sometimes the seriously sleep-deprived will, without noticing it, fall into "microsleeps" that last only a few seconds. Salvador Dali, when overtired, used to sit in a chair holding a spoon in one hand over a tin plate on the floor. When he nodded off he would drop the spoon, only to be awakened by the sound of it hitting the plate. Dali claimed this infinitesimal bit of sleep left him completely refreshed, but of course he was a notorious liar.

Although chronic insomniacs are certainly deserving of our pity, a touch of insomnia is actually desirable for the true connoisseur of sleep. As Proust pointed out, "A man who falls straight into bed night after night, and ceases to live until the moment when he wakes and rises, will surely never dream of making, I don't say great discoveries, but even minor observations about sleep.... A little insomnia is not without its value in making us appreciate sleep, in throwing a ray of light upon the darkness." Proust, indeed, considered the deepest sort of dreamless sleep to be a metaphysically dangerous abyss of non-being; in reassembling the components of one's ego upon waking, he felt, one runs a serious risk of recovering some self other than one's own.

Freud, by contrast, deemed perfectly dream-free sleep the best, since it most closely resembles our fetal existence. But today psychologists tell us that if we did not dream we would go mad. It is far from obvious why our anxious nocturnal fantasies—that we have an exam the next day in a college course we forgot we registered for, that we are underdressed in public, or perhaps not dressed at all—should help us retain our sanity. Perhaps the best advice on how to regard them was offered by Auden in his "Lullaby":

> Should dreams haunt you, heed them not,
> for all, both sweet and horrid,
> are jokes in dubious taste,
> too jejune to have truck with.
> *Sleep, Big Baby, sleep your fill.*

Good night. •

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BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

His and Hers

Film and theater challenge each other in various ways, often beneficially, but one province will always be the theater's own, the marathon. For instance, no film of *A Doll House* can replicate our sense of the physical trial that an actress playing Nora goes through, in a character who is onstage almost throughout the play. In addition to whatever else her performance may give us, there's almost the thrill of athletic achievement in watching an actress go the course. This isn't possible with a film, which, we all know, is made in installments, usually over a period of weeks.

In his stage work, Eric Bogosian draws on that "athletic" response in us. I've seen only one of his one-man shows, *Drinking in America*, and though other interests flagged, my admiration for his electric charge kept growing throughout the evening. The first such show that Bogosian brought to the screen was *Talk Radio*, which was clumsily fleshed out with a screenplay and other actors and which muffed, among several matters, a facsimile of the marathon. Not so with **Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll** (Avenue). He does the whole show alone, like a stage show in front of an audience, supposedly in one evening. The facsimile of marathon is so good that we're almost taken in.

Without costume change (well, he changes his shirt a couple of times), with minimal props, on a stage with one chair and a skeletal set suggesting a city skyline, Bogosian portrays a gallery of urban characters: a panhandler cynically skilled in presenting his verbose case; an aging British rock star being interviewed on TV; a pressure-cooked executive complete with business savvy and business savagery, also with wife and mistress; a foul-mouthed old street crazy; a partying prole, out of Pacino or Stallone territory, full of drink and drugs and sexism; a stud, modestly overweening about his prowess; the smug, cigar-mouthing owner of a new swimming pool in his backyard; and others. Most of them are swiftly drawn, accurately *heard*, hammered home. Only one of these sketches, the partying prole, has anything like a narrative. The other vignettes have no real beginning or conclusion; they fade in, remain a while, then fade out—encounters along the way.

The viewer's pleasure depends to a considerable degree on whether he or she has seen Bogosian before. The less one knows about him before seeing *SDR&R* the better; even then, the distinctions between some of the later sketches and some of the earlier ones begin to blur. For myself, the long scene of the executive moving around the room with a phone had much the same effect as the long phone scene in *Drinking in America*. I had the image then of Bogosian wrapping the other person in telephone wire as he spoke, rendering him helpless, and even though Bogosian uses a cordless phone this time, the image persists.

A lot (I can't say a little) of Bogosian goes a long way. But his film exceeds that lot. He satirizes or excoriates or sympathizes by means of hyperrealism, sometimes surgically fine; but his range is more limited than he thinks—not range of characters but of his own color and address.

The director was John McNaughton, who made the quietly terrifying *Henry, Portrait of a Serial Killer* (one of my sins of omission from this column). McNaughton doesn't handle the problems as deftly as Jonathan Demme did with *Swimming to Cambodia*—the problems of a one-person stage show as film material; but at least his work is mostly unobtrusive.

Simultaneously comes another solo film made from a solo theater piece, again with a suggestion of the marathon—Lily Tomlin in **The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe** (Orion Classics). The screenplay, like the theater piece, was written by Tomlin's longtime associate, Jane Wagner, and it, too, includes a gallery of characters: a bag lady, a 15-year-old punker, her grandparents (Tomlin plays both), a chic woman-about-town, and others. The portraits are interwoven, not just shown one after the other; and the events of the peoples' lives are interwoven, too. I didn't see the theater version, but from the quick cuts—out of her costumed and wigged characters into her "straight" self and back again—I infer that Tomlin wants us to know that, in the theater, she did all these people without costume change or makeup. (She uses a lot of sound effects, which presumably she also used in the theater.)

That theater experience touches the

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Boyz N the Hood. *Young blacks in L.A. Not especially original filmmaking, but the subject—the sheer difficulty of survival—is treated with power. (Reviewed 9/2/91)* **Dead Again.** *Kenneth Branagh directs and stars. He and Emma Thompson do well enough, in double roles, in a murder mystery full of time-shift hocus-pocus. A moderately clever potpourri of high-Hollywood styles. (9/16&23/91)* **Hangin' with the Homeboys.** *Young blacks and Hispanics in the South Bronx. Episodic, deftly structured account of hanging out, done with insight, humor, compassion. (8/5/91)* **Straight Out of Brooklyn.** *Blacks, working-class. Despite ungainly touches, this drama of a housing project has pathos and force. Written and directed by 19-year-old Matty Rich. (8/5/91)* **—SK**

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film another way. Tomlin, with Wagner, is at least as concerned as Bogosian to hold up elements of our times in front of us, but, unlike Bogosian, she is also interested in laughs. When she gets to a line that proved a laugh-getter in the theater, she follows it with a bit of business before she speaks again to give the film audience a chance to laugh without missing anything. (The Marx Brothers, theater vets, used to tour sketches from a new film script in vaudeville, in order to time the laughs and leave "space" for them in the forthcoming film.)

Wagner's script very quickly creates an air of intelligent life in Tomlin's universe. The bag lady, wacky though she is with her visits from Martians, the silly socialite, a frazzled young mother, all are conceived in a tone that blends compassion with contemporary bewilderment. The laughs arise more from this blend than from Bob Hope zingers. And the laughs themselves are less guffaws than chuckles. Samples: "I'm creative, but somehow I lack the talent to go with it." "What's the point of being a hedonist if you're not having a good time?" The frazzled mother, looking at her bratty twin sons: "Twin boys. Somehow I blame the water bed." And there's a running gag about art and soup, based on Andy Warhol's Campbell can, that pays off beautifully at the end.

Tomlin is not an overwhelmingly gifted performer. She lacks Bogosian's impact, and sometimes she doesn't do quite enough (the grandmother or the punker) or there's some slippage in the portrayal (the bag lady). I kept wishing that it was Carol Burnett doing these things. But it's an idle wish—primarily because this show is the product of the Tomlin-Wagner partnership, and, win or lose, this is their work. Much of it wins.

The cinematographer, John Bailey (*American Gigolo, The Accidental Tourist,* and others), also directed. He uses lightning flashes and drastic light changes to link, as well as to separate, the components of the film—stage and screen components. Ed Richardson, the art director, underscores this duality. The bag lady's street is realistic; many of the other settings are done in simplistic revue-sketch style.•

The One and the Many

BY ISTVAN DEAK

The Contested Country: Yugoslav Unity and Communist Revolution 1919-1953 by Aleksa Djilas

(Harvard University Press, 259 pp., $34.95)

I.

As these lines are being written, Yugoslavia has a presidency, a government, a Parliament, and a federal army. Its economy and its currency, although weakening, are far from prostrate. Much of Yugoslavia is quiet and, along the Adriatic coast, extraordinarily beautiful. And the vast majority of its citizens desire nothing more than to live in peace and harmony with one another.

It is also true, however, that the presidency, the government, and the Parliament have all been in precipitous decline for quite some time, that the individual republics are less and less prepared to trade with one another, that the federal army has suffered a humiliating defeat at the hands of the ragtag militia of Slovenia, one of Yugoslavia's smallest member states. Croatia and Slovenia have declared their independence, people are getting killed every day in the regions with neighboring Serbs and Croats, and some opposition parties, especially those in Serbia, are even more chauvinistic than the governing party. And the Communist Republic of Serbia, which has recently absorbed its two formerly autonomous provinces, the Vojvodina and Kosovo, is intent on annexing parts of the Republic of Croatia and the Republic of Bosnia and Herzegovina, in order to realize, in association with the allied Republic of Montenegro, the old nationalist dream of a "Greater Serbia."

The worst danger to the future of Yugoslavia, however, lies not in the political crises of the present, but in the general atmosphere of fear and pessimism that feeds on the recollection of worse historical horrors. If Serbs and Croats

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kill each other today, it is mainly because they fear a repetition of the massive killings of the last World War.

What can explain the inability of the country's Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, Macedonians, Montenegrins, Muslims, Albanians, and Hungarians to come to a peaceful settlement of their differences? Why are things so much worse here than they were in that other great multinational state, Habsburg Austria-Hungary, from which over half of present-day Yugoslavia has emerged? Aleksa Djilas has set himself the task of explaining all this and more; and he has done so with verve, intelligence, and a superb mastery of facts.

Many of his readers may be astonished to learn from his account that *one of the major causes* for the continuous trouble in Yugoslavia is language: not the country's linguistic diversity, but its linguistic affinities. Aside from the Albanians and the Hungarians, who together represent less than 10 percent of the population, most other Yugoslavs speak closely related Slavic languages. Moreover, while Slovene and Macedonian are distinct languages, three-quarters of the population—Serbs, Croats, Muslims, most Montenegrins, and "Yugoslavs" (in the 1981 census, 5.4 percent of the population, or 1,216,000 persons, declared themselves Yugoslavs by nationality)—speaks the same language, which is Serbo-Croatian.

This fact has again and again given rise to an illusion of unity. In Yugoslavia, however, linguistic uniformity has tended to separate more than to unite. The old joke about the Americans and the British being divided by a common language is a cruel reality in Yugoslavia, where millions are in a position to savor fully the refinements of the nationalist insults hurled across ethnic boundaries, and where, precisely because of the vagueness of national identity, people wildly exaggerate the importance of nationality. It does not help matters any that one often needs, as in Northern Ireland or in Lebanon, a well-tuned ear and a keen eye to detect another's nationality.

Those of us accustomed to defining nationality primarily by language can never fully appreciate the trouble sown by Serbo-Croatian linguistic uniformity. To be precise, Serbo-Croatian is a literary language created by nineteenth-century Serbian and Croatian intellectuals. Popular speech is divided into several dialects and subdialects, but that is little help in separating Serbs and Croats. The boundaries between the various dialects do not run along ethnic lines. The Stokavski dialect, for instance, which served as a basis for the creation of literary Serbo-Croatian, is spoken by most Serbs, but also by millions of Croats and others. Some Croats, however, especially those around Zagreb, the Croatian capital, use the Kajkavski dialect, while those along the Adriatic coast speak Cakavski, both dialects being quite far removed from the Stokavski dialect. There is no such language, in other words, as Croatian or Serbian, but there is a Serbo-Croatian language and a number of "ethnically blind" dialects.

Nor is territory of much use in distinguishing one nationality from another. As the press reminds us daily, nearly every one of Yugoslavia's six republics (Serbia, Croatia, Slovenia, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Macedonia, and Montenegro) *and two autonomous territories* harbors several nationalities. According to Djilas, 22 percent of the entire Croatian population and 24 percent of the entire Serbian population live outside Croatia and Serbia (and the latter's two provinces). As for the Muslims, a recently recognized nationality of 2 million, the great majority live in Bosnia and Herzegovina, which they share with a lesser number of Croats and Serbs. Because all three nationalities in that republic speak Serbo-Croatian, it is obvious that the Muslims there are defined neither by language nor by territory, but by a religion that many of them no longer practice.

Paradoxically, only the Montenegrins can be said to be defined by the territory they inhabit. These Serbo-Croatian speakers of the Eastern Orthodox tradition (let us forget, for the moment, the Albanians and the Muslims in their midst) differ from other Serbo-Croatian speakers of the Eastern Orthodox tradition only in that they live in what was once a fiercely independent mountain principality.

If, in Yugoslavia, everything runs into everything else, if neither language nor territory explains nationality, then what does? The answer, offered resoundingly by Djilas, is that nationality in Yugoslavia is defined by tradition and history. As he puts it: "Croats and Serbs are ethnically almost homogeneous, but are heterogeneous from the standpoint of national consciousness and loyalties."

Croats, Serbs, and other Yugoslavs cultivate, or rather idolize, their vastly differing historical memories: Byzantine Christianity in the case of the Serbs, Roman Catholicism in the case of the Croats. The differences do not end there. There is the Serbs' use of the Cyrillic alphabet as against the Croats' use of the Latin alphabet; the great medieval Serbian kingdom as distinguished from the great medieval Croatian kingdom; Serbia's long occupation by the Ottoman empire as opposed to Croatia's avoidance of such enslavement at the price of submission to the Habsburg dynasty; Serbia's self-liberation from Ottoman rule in the nineteenth century as contrasted with Croatia's remaining in Austria-Hungary until the latter's dissolution in 1918.

Consider, moreover, the divergent social developments in Serbia and Croatia. In the former, the old native nobility did not survive the many centuries of Ottoman rule. This meant that in the aftermath of liberation a new elite had to be created. Independent Serbia and thus Serbian-dominated interwar Yugoslavia were largely governed by the *descendants of the small Serbian merchant* class, and even more by the descendants of peasants. In Croatia, by contrast, the great landowning nobility survived until after the land reforms of the post-World War I era, its foremost members being closely intertwined with the nobility of Hungary, Croatia's historical suzerain. As large landowners, as officials in the Habsburg and Hungarian administrations, and as officers in the Habsburg army, the Croatian elites had had long experience in local government.

And consider, finally, the events of World War I, when the kingdoms of Serbia and Montenegro went to war against the Central Powers and were subsequently occupied by the German, Austro-Hungarian, and Bulgarian armies, while the Croats, Slovenes, Bosnian Muslims, and well over 100,000 Serbian soldiers from Croatia, southern Hungary, and Bosnia and Herzegovina went to war as part of the Austro-Hungarian army and navy. During and after the war, pro-Yugoslav propaganda spread the myth of the unwilling Croatian, Slovene, Serbian, and Bosnian soldier crushed under the heel of the Austro-Hungarian high command, but in reality the South Slavs numbered among the Habsburg monarchy's bravest and most loyal soldiers. Neither Croats, Slovenes, Bosnian Muslims, nor even the Serbs of Hungary, Croatia, and Bosnia and Herzegovina showed much hesitation in cracking the skulls of their Serbian opponents. When in 1917-18 South Slav soldiers finally began massively to desert the Austro-Hungarian forces, it was only because all the peoples of the monarchy, including German-Austrians and Hungarians, had begun massively to abandon the Habsburg cause.

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II.

It is worth considering just whom writers have in mind when they speak of the past history of Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, or Macedonians. Do they mean every member of the group, or only the relatively small number of educated elites within each society? In other words, when did Orthodox and Roman Catholic peasants (who amounted to as much as 90 percent of the population as late as a century ago) turn into self-conscious Serbs, Croats, Macedonians, and so on? And when did at least some of them become Yugoslav patriots? After all, the existence of medieval monarchies cannot be equated with the presence of popular nationalisms.

According to Djilas, Croatian and Serbian nationalisms were born at the end of the eighteenth century, at about the same time as their ideological and political opposite, the notion of a great South Slav unity transcending narrow ethnic boundaries. Both ideas, ironically, were largely the product of the Enlightenment, as it was imported into those parts by Napoleon's troops.

Following their victories over the Habsburgs and the capture of the Republic of Venice (which had ruled over the Adriatic coast of present-day Yugoslavia), the French armies conquered the region between 1805 and 1809. They quickly concluded that all South Slavs were descendants of the ancient Illyrians, and that they all spoke Illyrian. It was only a short step to the French generals' creation of *les provinces illyriennes*, attached to the French empire. It was also only logical to extend the blessings of the Enlightenment and the Revolution to the Illyrian people. All citizens were made equal before the law; the peasants were freed from their feudal obligations; the nobles were deprived of all their political and legal privileges; the monopoly of craftsmen's guilds was abolished; and schools were set up to teach French as well as *la langue du pays*.

The French were defeated in 1814-15, so all this lasted only a few years. Still, as Djilas explains, the idea of Illyrianism, of a united South Slav nation, has continued to thrive—and so has the idea of Croatian, Serbian, and other ethnic nationalisms. The French taught the intelligentsia to think in national terms, yet it was also the French who created a state that was the precursor of today's Yugoslav federation, and the dilemma of ethnic nationalism versus South Slav unity has haunted the region's intellectuals and politicians ever since.

Depending on the extent of their commitment to conservative nationalism or progressive Yugoslav "internationalism," intellectuals and politicians have tended to see the peasants as living either "inside" or "outside" of history: "inside" meaning that even the most wretched of Serbs or Croats can identify, on the basis of a shared historical memory, with the elite of the nation, and "outside" meaning that the lower classes, retaining nothing but memories of exploitation and oppression, could well be guided toward social progress and South Slav unification. And yet, as Djilas writes, to the bitter surprise of Communists and other utopian dreamers:

> Croatian and Serbian national consciousnesses were largely based on exactly those things that the Enlightenment was unable to see: history, tradition, religion. Moreover, the Enlightenment underestimated the propensity of the lower classes to identify with the ruling class and see its history as their own. The peasantry simply was not ahistorical to the degree that the Enlightenment and, especially, the Enlightenment's latter-day partial heirs, the socialists and Communists, believed.

It is impossible, of course, to measure precisely the extent and the depth of national consciousness in any social stratum, especially among peasants whose condition varied enormously from one place to another. Slovene peasants were generally serfs until their step-by-step emancipation by the Habsburg Emperor Joseph II in the 1780s and then by the revolutions of 1848. Croatian peasants were often free, enjoying the rank of lesser nobility; but more frequently they were serfs or, after their final emancipation in 1848, hired hands on the estates of large landowners. But just as often Croatian peasants doubled as soldiers. Dalmatian Croats were fishermen and sailors on the ships of Venice and the Habsburg monarchy. The Serbs in Hungary were merchants, soldiers, or farmers. The Serbs of Serbia, as well as the Bosnians and the Montenegrins, were either poor farmers or near-slaves on the estates of Ottoman and "Muslimized" South Slav landlords. Others were shepherds, and still others bandits who preyed on all but preferred Muslim officials and landowners. Hence the romantic term "patriotic bandits," made popular by the British historian Eric Hobsbawm and used by some progressive Western historians to designate the people who made travel and economic development nearly impossible in the Balkans for many centuries.

Even today it is difficult to know whether the Montenegrin mountaineer brandishing his Kalashnikov is brandishing it as a Yugoslav patriot determined to protect the unity of the country, or as a Communist, or as a Serbian patriot, or as a Montenegrin patriot, or as a defender of Eastern Orthodoxy, or as a peasant-farmer representing the interests of his class, or as a "patriotic bandit," or, perish the thought, as a plain old bandit.

I agree with Djilas that nationalism in Yugoslavia is a terrifically confusing affair. Still, I would add that nationalism is not so frequently the real cause of conflict as it would appear from the press. Consider, for instance, the present bloody struggle between Croats and the Serbian minority in southern parts of the Croatian republic. No doubt the conflict is being systematically promoted by the government of Serbia, but there can be no doubt about a certain degree of local involvement. Yet these villagers, "Serbs" or "Croats," speak the same dialect, have been neighbors for several generations, were in the practice of marrying each other, went to the same schools, and often worked in the same place. True, they could be distinguished by religious tradition (Eastern Orthodox versus Roman Catholic), but many of them, and certainly their Communist or ex-Communist leaders, are non-believers today. (To complicate matters further, there are, or there used to be, a good number of Catholic Serbs and Orthodox Croats in the region.) The killing today may be carried out in the name of nationality, but the real causes of the conflict must be sought elsewhere.

The antagonisms in southern Croatia began in the late seventeenth century with the massive arrival of Orthodox Christian refugees from Ottoman territory. Incorporated by Habsburg power into the famous Croatian-Slavonian Border Guard system, the refugees were trained to become militarized peasants, something akin to the Cossacks in the Ukraine and southern Russia. From earliest times, the Militärgrenze, as the Border Guard region was known, included not only Orthodox peasants, but a great number of local Roman Catholic peasants as well. In return for their services, the Border Guards were granted important privileges by the Vienna Court War Council: they were not considered serfs, that is, they belonged to no landowner; their children were taught how to read and write—in both German and the local South Slav dialect—by army sergeants; and their talented sons could rise through the ranks of the Habsburg army.

Many peasant offspring, Catholic or Orthodox, became commanding generals, and every Border Guard officer with a clean service record had a legal right to elevation into the hereditary Habsburg nobility. The Military Border was divided into regimental districts and detached from the rest of Croatia, the latter now being somewhat derisively fashioned

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"Civil Croatia." Meanwhile the peasants in Civil Croatia remained unfree, and as serfs they continued to toil away for the Hungaro-Croatian great landowners.

The Military Border was finally dissolved in the 1870s, and the regimental districts were reattached to Civil Croatia. The latter, of course, remained a part of Austria-Hungary until 1918. After World War I, all these lands became part of Yugoslavia, but the internal boundary continued to follow the historic line separating Habsburgs from Ottomans. People in the former Border Guard region therefore continued to live in Croatia.

During World War II, the fascist Croatian state, abetted by members of the Croatian Catholic clergy, attempted finally to assimilate the former Military Border—and, incidentally, also Bosnia and Herzegovina, which had been incorporated into the Croatian state—by forced conversions and mass murder. The primary target was the Orthodox population of the region, but many local Catholics were killed as well. For this, Catholics (or Croats) were soon repaid in kind by the Serbian Cetnik guerrillas and the Communist Partisans.

After World War II, as Djilas explains, one of the major dilemmas facing the Tito regime was how to deal with the massive presence of Serbs in the southern parts of the Croatian republic. Trusting in the wartime alliance of anti-fascist Serbs and Croats, the new Communist regime allowed the disputed lands to be left in Croatian possession. Today the Serbian government is attempting to reverse this decision and to incorporate these lands by force into a Great Serbian republic. This is, then, *not* a purely national struggle, for it reflects also the historic enmity between proud peasant soldiers and unarmed serfs.

Unfortunately, there is no fair solution to this problem. The Serbian minority's demand for separation from the Republic of Croatia has some historical foundation in the tradition of a separate Habsburg Military Border, but that Border was attached to Vienna, not to Belgrade. Moreover, none of the disputed territory ever belonged to Serbia. On the contrary, the southern border of the present Republic of Croatia has always marked the historic boundary between the Habsburg-Hungarian-Croatian lands and the Byzantine-Serbian-Ottoman dominions.

III.

Few things are better known than that World War I erupted over the question of South Slav unity. In two earlier "Balkan Wars" in 1912-13, the Ottoman Turks were driven out of the Balkans and Serbia was vastly aggrandized—but not sufficiently to satisfy the radical Serbian nationalists. It was denied access to the sea, and millions of Serbs and other South Slavs continued to languish in what Eduard Benes, later the president of Czechoslovakia, effectively termed the "Prison of the Peoples," referring to the Habsburg monarchy or Austria-Hungary. (Never mind that the Croats, Serbs, and Slovenes of the monarchy enjoyed the highest living standards among all South Slavs, and that generally they also enjoyed greater political freedom.)

The assassination of Archduke Francis Ferdinand on June 28, 1914, was preceded, and in fact caused, by a farrago of misunderstandings and misconceptions, many of which have survived to our time. There was the widespread idea in Serbia that Francis Ferdinand was an imperialist, a warmonger, and an enemy of the Slavs, when exactly the opposite was the case. There was the belief of Gavrilo Princip and his fellow terrorists that by murdering the archduke they would pave the way to the creation of a progressive, anarcho-socialist South Slav state and eventually a similar world. In reality, these youngsters were manipulated by a handful of Serbian army officers assembled in the "Black Hand," a radical nationalist secret society that was

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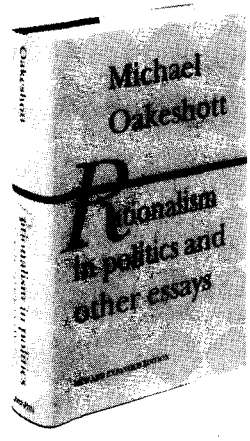

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as threatening to the elected Serbian government as it was to Austria-Hungary. There was, of course, also the Austrian misconception that Serbia should be crushed at the first opportunity, that such a step could be taken without precipitating a major war. And there was, finally, the German notion that a great war, if it had to come, might as well come immediately, since Germany was bound to win it and, as a consequence, to assume its rightful position as one of the world powers.

Again, South Slavs in both camps did their duty, at least during the first three years of the war. By then Serbia and Montenegro had long been occupied by the Central Powers, but Austria-Hungary had also been totally exhausted. In the last year of the war, few people in the Habsburg monarchy could believe that the multinational empire would survive. And throughout the conflict some exiled politicians from the Habsburg monarchy—Slovenes, Serbs, Croats, Poles, Slovaks, but especially Czechs—successfully propagated the notion that the West was duty-bound to liberate all peoples from the Habsburg yoke and to allow all peoples and the South Slavs and Czecho-Slovaks in particular to set up progressive and democratic nation-states.

In 1918 the South Slav state was created. It was pieced together from parts of the Austrian Alpine provinces of Styria and Carinthia, the entire Austrian Alpine province of Carniola (the core of today's Slovenia), much of the so-called Austrian Adriatic littoral, the Austrian Kingdom of Dalmatia, Hungary's subordinate kingdom Croatia-Slavonia, large parts of southern Hungary, Bosnia and Herzegovina (a province that had been jointly administered by Austria and Hungary), the formerly independent Kingdom of Montenegro, the Kingdom of Serbia, and small parts of Bulgaria. Paradoxically, although the external frontiers of the new South Slav state attempted, or at least pretended, to run along ethnic lines and thus cut across many historical boundaries, the internal frontiers of the new state scrupulously respected the old historical boundaries, thus creating a number of multinational provinces within the multinational South Slav state.

In what way did the so-called successor states differ from the defunct Habsburg state? Mainly in this: the old monarchy had never pretended to be anything but a messy multiethnic mosaic, but Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia claimed to be model nation-states. Along with this claim came the assertion that the "state-constituting nations," such as the Czechs and Slovaks, or the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, were of one will and one mind, and that in the face of these united fronts the grumblings of ethnic minorities lost all significance. Inevitably, interwar Czechoslovakia came to be dominated by a Czech elite, while the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes (later to be renamed Yugoslavia) became, for all practical purposes, an expanded version of its strongest member, the Serbian kingdom.

Still, there were efforts made by some Serb politicians to live up to the founders' utopian expectations. One of the most significant, Djilas argues, was the attempt of King-Dictator Alexander I to divide Yugoslavia into a number of territorially equal, politically and ethnically neutral administrative units. Alexander I, a member of the Karageorgevich family, became regent of Serbia in place of his deranged father just before the Sarajevo assassination in 1914. In 1915 he led his army into exile on the Greek island of Corfu, and in 1918 he returned in triumph to Belgrade. Following the death of his father in 1921, Alexander became king of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes.

But his was a heavy inheritance. His family had come to power, in 1903, by means of the appallingly brutal massacre of Serbia's last Obrenovich king and his queen by army officers belonging to the Black Hand. This inauspicious beginning threatened to turn Alexander into a tool of nationalist Serbian officers, but soon he asserted his independence. In 1917, for instance, he inspired a military court to order the execution of Dragutin Dimitrijević, a colonel of the Serbian General Staff and head of the Black Hand, as well as a number of other General Staff officers, not because they had organized the assassination of Francis Ferdinand and thereby precipitated the World War, but because they had allegedly conspired against him as regent and against the Serbian government in exile.

Alexander sought to become the ruler of all South Slavs. The failure of Yugoslav parliamentarianism in the late 1920s led him to set up a royal dictatorship in 1929 and to change the name of the country to Yugoslavia, in an attempt to wipe out the old historic divisions. Shortly thereafter, he divided the country into a number of new administrative units that were named after rivers, again in order to wipe out the memory of ethnic divisions. As Djilas puts it: "The king hoped to solve the national question by simply abolishing it." This was the high-water mark of both governmental fairness and extreme centralization; but it failed, as all such schemes have failed. The king himself was murdered in 1934 by the combined efforts of Macedonian and Croatian terrorists.

When the South Slav state was formed, a dynamic and militant socialist movement already existed in most of its territorial units. A large part of Djilas's book is dedicated to the history of the Yugoslav Communists. As communism is proving itself to be an ephemeral phenomenon in that country, however, whereas regional conflict appears to be eternal, Djilas's valuable discussion of the Communist movement is somewhat less exciting than his fine sections on the origins and the development of ethnic nationalism.

Transformed at an early date into a Communist Party, Yugoslavia's far left was never really able to resolve the dilemma of local nationalism versus South Slav unification. The first order of the Communist International to the Yugoslav comrades was to exploit the national conflicts so as better to fight the "expansionism" and the "hegemonism" of the Serbian bourgeoisie. This meant support for the bourgeois parties in oppressed Croatia and elsewhere. By the end of the 1920s, however, the differentiation between "reactionary" and "progressive" bourgeois nationalist movements had become a simple matter of Soviet foreign policy. In other words, the Yugoslav Communists had lost all right to decide who were their enemies and who their friends. (This was the period when the Comintern branded the German Social Democrats "social fascists" and praised even ultraconservative, anti-Western Muslim groups as eminently progressive.)

The Communist Party of Yugoslavia emerged from the parliamentary elections of 1920 as the fourth-largest party, but less than a year later it was driven underground, where it would remain until the final triumph of Tito at the end of the Second World War. By 1924 there were no more than 1,000 active members, who clung precariously to the Party's triune program of anti-Serbian struggle, Yugoslav nationalism, and proletarian internationalism. Although the Communists combated Yugoslavia as an imperialist creation, they never abandoned hope for a unified South Slav proletarian state.

The 1930s brought the anti-fascist Popular Front policy, and with it Moscow's temporary acceptance of the Yugoslav state and monarchy. Those years also brought the near extermination of Yugoslav Communist émigrés in the Soviet Union and the appointment of Tito as general secretary of what remained of the Party. From 1937 on, Tito and his clos-

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est collaborators were to shape the history of Yugoslav communism.

IV.

In March 1941 a British-engineered military coup overthrew a reluctantly pro-German Yugoslav government, and a few days later German armies invaded and quickly overran the country. As Djilas shows, military resistance was greatly weakened by the hostility to the state of many Croats and others. Defeated Yugoslavia was thereafter dissolved by the combined decision of the occupiers and a great number of Yugoslav citizens. Thus, the tragic fate of the multinational Habsburg monarchy now befell one of its major multinational successors. The old regime was rent asunder, writes Djilas, mainly because of its inability to create a Yugoslav political elite, which had forced it to operate with the Serbian political elite as a substitute.

German (and Italian) victory in 1941 gave the Croats what the Entente victory had given the Serbs in 1918. A Greater Croatia was created through the fusion of Croatia and Bosnia and Herzegovina. This new state was led by a group of military officers and politicians of the Ustasha movement. The Ustasa, or Croatian Revolutionary Organization, could look back to the tradition of some nineteenth-century Croatian nationalist parties, but it was in reality a uniquely brutal terrorist group that represented a small sector of the Croatian public.

It is worth noting that not only the Croats but the Albanians, too, benefitted, if only nominally, from the temporary Axis triumph. The province of Kosovo, today so hotly contested between Serbs and Albanians, was incorporated, in 1941, into the Albanian state. True, Albania was only an Italian colony at that time, but this act created one more precedent for later territorial claims and counterclaims. No doubt the eventual unification of the province with Albania will prove a difficult affair, if for no other reason than because the Serbs' original homeland lay partly in today's Kosovo province, and Serbia's greatest historical defeat, at the hands of the Ottomans in 1389, took place on the Plains of Kosovo. In a region where military debacles have been more common than victories—where resounding defeats have become cherished historical memories—the Plains of Kosovo constitute a sacred Serbian land. (As legend has it, when the defeated Serbian troops withdrew across the snow-covered Kosovo battlefield in 1915, they held their boots in hand so as not to disturb the sleep of their fallen heroes.)

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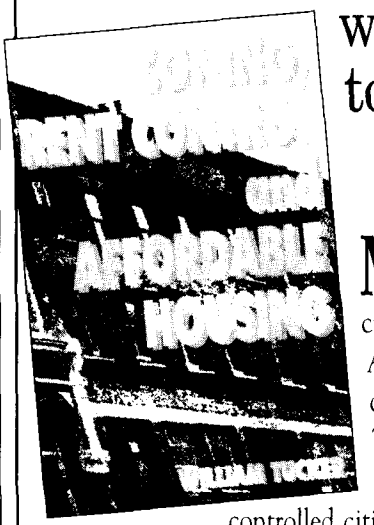

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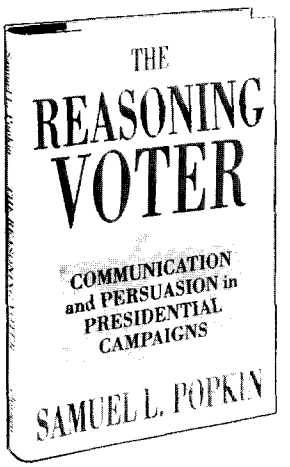

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Curiously, the Yugoslav Communists at first sympathized and even collaborated with the Ustashas in the common struggle against the Serbian "bourgeoisie," but the Popular Front policy of the late 1930s put an end to such collaboration. In any case, as Djilas excellently explains, for the Ustashas anticommunism amounted to a religion. Arguing that the Ustashas were not genuine fascists, Djilas writes that the movement's ideology

> was primarily a pseudo-romantic, populist, terrorist nationalism. In southeastern Europe it was perhaps most similar to Corneliu Codreanu's Legion of the Archangel Michael in Romania. The Legion was also extremely nationalist, mystically attached to certain events in distant national history, oriented to the peasantry, which it romanticized, and influential in poor peasant regions with mixed population. However, for the Ustashas genocide was a central element in their program.

There followed, after 1941, the most terrible bloodbath in all of Balkan history. Djilas emphasizes a point that is well known to Western historians but that was diligently suppressed in Communist Yugoslavia: that the Italian occupation forces actively opposed the Ustasha program of exterminating one-half of the Serbian-Orthodox population in Croatia and Bosnia and Herzegovina, and that even the Germans condemned the genocide of Serbs (but not, of course, the Ustasha massacre of Jews and Gypsies, or the German army's massacre of Serbian hostages). The truth is that much of the Yugoslav bloodshed in World War II was suicidally self-inflicted.

The story of Tito's rise to power and his unchallenged leadership for nearly four decades is well known. No doubt, at the end of World War II, the Yugoslav Communists were in a hurry to establish themselves. Skipping the first stage of a Communist takeover, that is, a genuine coalition with antifascist democratic parties, they proceeded immediately to the second stage of a bogus coalition, and then very quickly to the third stage of a monopoly of power. Because all this and more was done without consulting Stalin, an eventual break between Moscow and Belgrade was unavoidable. In fact, the break came as a godsend to Tito. It allowed him to annihilate all potential rivals in the Party, to rally even anti-Communists to the flag of national resistance, and to ask for (and to receive) American economic and military assistance.

Djilas freely admits that Tito's transformation of Yugoslavia into a centralized party state that was respectful of some provincial rights was initially a great success. After World War II, the Communist Party of Yugoslavia aimed to create a united Yugoslav political consciousness on a threefold basis: ethnic and linguistic similarities and common traditions, the wartime "national-liberation struggle," and the "building of socialism." This worked for several decades, but once the charismatic leader was dead, and the Soviet threat had passed, and the Communist economic and social system had proved to be as oppressive as it was inefficient, the old problems began to emerge. The dream of a brotherhood of progressive South Slav peoples evaporated.

As Djilas explains, the instability of the Croatian and Serbian medieval states, followed by the Ottoman conquest, prevented the development either of two clearly separate identities or of a homogeneous proto-Yugoslav one. As a result, in the nineteenth century the Croats and Serbs found themselves lacking the strong state tradition that had allowed such old, continuous nations as the French or the Swedes to emerge as modern nation-states. One cannot but agree with his conclusion:

> [As] soon as social, economic, and other realities showed that a [Yugoslavist and internationalist] society was unrealizable, traditional national ideologies reappeared, sometimes allied with the party bureaucracy of the republics, sometimes with the anti-Communist intelligentsia. Based on an ideology that proved utopian and on a power structure that was both undemocratic and bound to be inefficient . . . , the Communist solution of the national question in Yugoslavia was destined to be only transient.

Whatever possessed Slovenes and Croats in 1918 to prefer the Balkans to Central Europe, it is clear that such foolishness no longer prevails among them. And so, what next? Djilas does not discuss the subject. I would note that there may have been a chance, until quite recently, for the only surviving Yugoslav institution, which is the federal army, to hold the state together. After all, the Habsburg monarchy, too, was kept together by the mostly peaceful and always splendid presence of the multinational Habsburg army. The absolute majority of its officers were German-speakers (though not necessarily ethnic Germans), yet the loyalty of these officers was not to the German nation but to Emperor Francis Joseph. In fact, the officers were most hated by German nationalist students and by much of the German-Austrian middle class.

Unfortunately for South Slav unity, however, the Yugoslav federal army is neither splendid nor truly multinational. We are now told that 70 percent of its officer corps is of Serbian nationality. This would be no tragedy, if there were something to bind the Serbian officers to the others, but nothing that binds is left: no father figure, no dynastic loyalty, no supranational political ideology.

The Habsburg army was recruited territorially: soldiers from the same province found themselves in the same regiments. This system threatened to collapse in the summer of 1848 when His Imperial and Apostolic Royal Majesty's loyal Croatian and Serbian regiments clashed with the same ruler's loyal Hungarian regiments, but it functioned afterward until the collapse of the monarchy in 1918. The Yugoslav army (like the Soviet army) does not recognize territoriality, and recruits are thrown in pell-mell with soldiers from all over the country. Moreover, whereas in the Habsburg army, officers and NCOs were obliged to instruct, discipline, and curse their troops in the languages prevailing among the rank and file, the Yugoslav army speaks only one language, Serbo-Croatian. Recent experience seems to show that the Habsburg army's careful balancing act between supranationality and respect for the provincial and linguistic peculiarities of the troops was more successful than the Yugoslav army's hypocritical insistence on absolute supranationality, and this in a state constitutionally divided into separate units.

If the Habsburg army was able to hold together an empire made up of eleven major nationalities and scores of minor ones, and practically without any bloodshed between 1848-49 and 1917-18, it was only because the majority of these peoples and their leaders, their nationalistic slogans to the contrary, did not really desire the breakup of the monarchy. In Yugoslavia, by contrast, it appears less and less likely that the population wishes to maintain the state in its present form. And even if it does, it would not want to entrust the federal army with this task. As for the army, it seems to have abandoned its original reason for being. If it is true that the Yugoslav army is now fully siding with one nationality against another, then there is not, at this late date in the failing attempt to make one out of the many, any reason to expect or to desire the continued survival of Yugoslavia.

ISTVAN DEAK is professor of history at Columbia University and the author most recently of *Beyond Nationalism: A Social and Political History of the Habsburg Officer Corps, 1848-1918* (Oxford University Press).

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Wings That Spell

By Richard Jenkyns

Gerard Manley Hopkins: A Very Private Life
by Robert Bernard Martin
(Putnam, 448 pp., $29.95)

Gerard Manley Hopkins: Selected Letters
edited by Catherine Phillips
(Oxford University Press, 384 pp., $59, $16.95 paper)

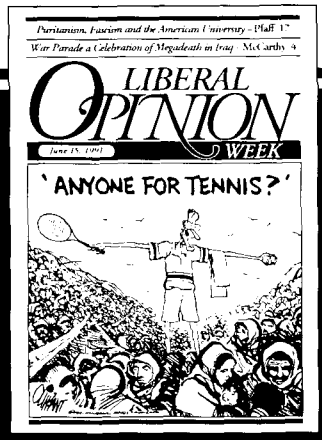
The Poetical Works of Gerard Manley Hopkins
edited by Norman H. MacKenzie
(Oxford University Press, 624 pp., $175)

Is the life a story of disaster or a story of triumph? Gerard Hopkins gave every sign of brilliant promise. He was born in 1844 into a prosperous mercantile family and brought up on the edge of north London. At Highgate School he shone academically. Spirited, and undemonstratively pious, he also developed a wide culture: he drew delightfully, he was keenly musical, he wrote some poetry. At the age of 18 he won an award to Balliol College, Oxford—at that time easily the most distinguished college in the university. Oxford was an enchantment; in the exuberant letters that Hopkins wrote to his parents he just remembered to apologize for being so happy away from home. Though too small and slight to be a sporting hero, he was immediately popular. Life was full to the brim: he thrived on the study of classics and philosophy, but equally he flung himself gaily into the social whirl, and yet found the time to discover that drifting in a canoe on the River Cherwell beneath the willow trees was a taste of paradise, "the summit of human happiness."

If one had known Hopkins at the age of 20, it would probably have seemed safe enough to predict for him a successful and contented career: as a don, perhaps, or a bishop or a public servant. At the same time, it is unlikely that one would have detected in him any really outstanding quality. He had the strong, clear intelligence and the diffused general culture that seem to make for all-round ability, hardly for the exceptional flourishing of any one talent, let alone for genius. Such guesses about his character and future would have seemed reasonable; they would have been entirely wrong.

At Oxford his devoutness deepened and acquired an even more high-church cast. It was through high-church circles that he met Robert Bridges, another budding poet, whose religious development was to go in the opposite direction from Hopkins's, toward an undogmatic latitudinarianism; but he was to be Hopkins's most loyal friend throughout his life. (It was Bridges, too, who made Hopkins's poetry known to the world after his death; without him, Hopkins would probably be neglected to this day.) In 1866 Hopkins was converted to the Roman Catholic Church, and in 1868 he joined the Society of Jesus. Bridges believed that the Jesuits wrecked his life, and even hastened his death.

Robert Bernard Martin, however, in his elegant and assured new biography, thinks that Hopkins was as contented in the order as he could have been anywhere, and that its strictness gave his life the firm structure that he needed. Yet it is hard to doubt that he made a wretchedly wrong choice in seeking a place with the toughest of the secular orders. He drove himself hard, with a passionate piety, but he was evidently not strong enough, mentally or physically, for a Society admired and feared for its austere discipline and severe demands. It must have been a lonely life. Much of his conversation had to be carried on through correspondence (which makes Catherine Phillips's new selection of his letters very welcome). Martin observes that Hopkins's closest friends—none of them perhaps very close—were all



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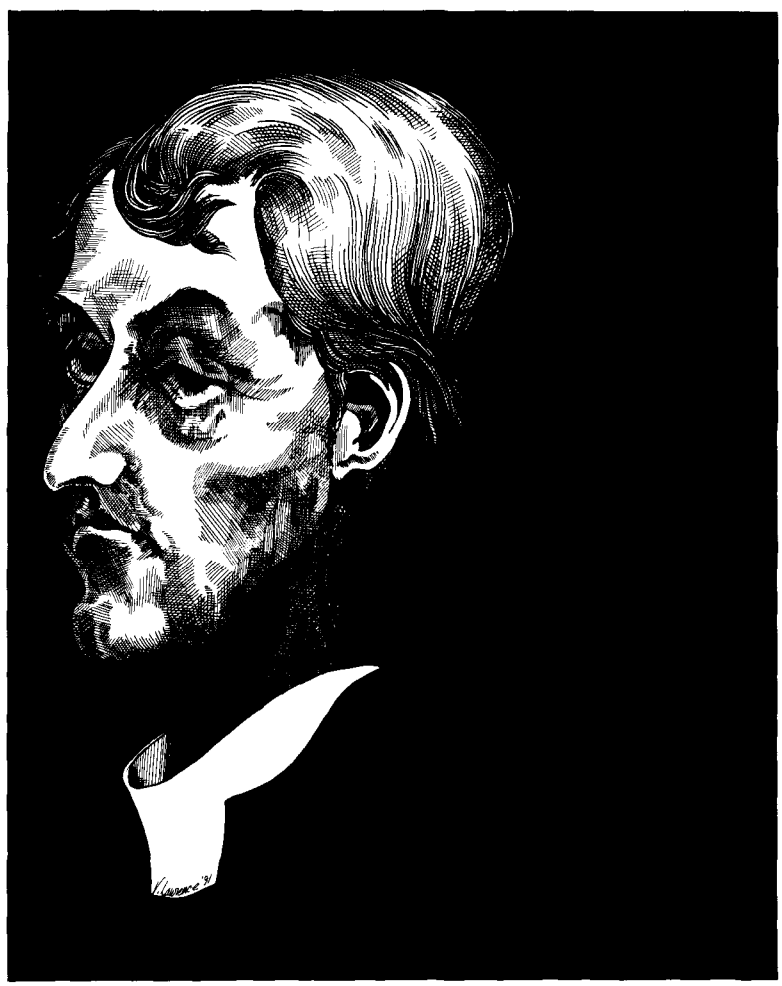
Protestants; he never achieved any sort of intimacy with any of his co-religionists, with whom he might have hoped to share his dearest feelings.

It must have been a rootless life. For fifteen years he was never long in any one place, pushed by the Society to schools in the north of England, to St. Beuno's in rural Wales (where he was indeed happy and in a few months wrote many of his most famous poems in a burst of joyful creativity), to a curacy in Oxford (where he failed to recapture the happiness of his youth), back north to the parishes of industrial Lancashire. Finally, in 1884, his superiors, not knowing what else to do with him, sent him to Dublin as professor of Greek and Latin at the Royal University of Ireland.

This was the most disastrous move of all. It is evident from his letters that he was already suffering from depression before he left England; and this was made much worse by the drudgery of endless examining and by his isolation in a new and partly hostile land (with his simple English patriotism, he found Irish nationalism peculiarly painful). In his letters, and in the few, terrible poems that he wrote at this time—now often known as the Dark Sonnets, or the Sonnets of Desolation—we see a man disintegrating in the throes of nervous breakdown. In the end his physical health broke, too. Sick with what was probably typhoid, he had at last the complete rest that he had needed for so long. He looked forward to getting back his mental equilibrium once he was well in body again. But it was not to be: in June 1889 he died, at the age of 44. "I am so happy, I am so happy," were his last words.

At this time his career must have seemed to his friends a story of almost total failure. An embarrassment to his superiors, an oddity to his students, he had to all appearances made shipwreck of a life that had begun with such bright promise. Yet in two respects he had triumphed. First, he had kept faith. In affliction, he never lost his sense of God. In one of the Dark Sonnets he says that his lament "Is cries countless, cries like dead letters sent To dearest him that lives alas! away." That is a telling comparison, for if a man's letters do not reach his beloved, that implies no doubt of the beloved's existence. On the contrary, the agony is to feel the beloved to be so real, and yet so unattainable.

Hopkins's other triumph, of course, was his poetry. For thirty years after his death he remained unknown, but once published, he stood revealed, despite the strangeness of his idiom, as the greatest poet of his generation. It is curious that some of the best writers of his age should have been hidden in their lifetimes.



GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

(One thinks of Emily Dickinson.) Perhaps it is not entirely coincidence. Modernism was still some way in the future, but the old order was beginning to break down, and we should not be very much surprised if some of the most vital work of the age was the product of odd, quirky minds, not easily accessible to their contemporaries.

Another hidden writer of genius, only four years older than Hopkins, was Francis Kilvert. No modernist he, nor even a poet; yet in some ways his is the more striking likeness. He, too, was a priest—an Anglican—and his diaries, unknown until the late 1930s, reveal an exact and luminous vision of nature that can stand comparison with Hopkins's own. His words seek out the special quality of sights and sounds, sometimes with a touch of queerness in the language that recalls Hopkins: the "clink and trickle of the brook" heard through the warm night air, the frogs "croaking, snoring and bubbling in the pool under the moon," the peewits "squirling and wailing," "sweeping rolling and tumbling in the hot blue air ... with a strange deep mysterious hustling and quavering sound from their great wings," the church at Capel y Ffin, "short stout and boxy with its little bell turret ... squatting like a stout grey owl among its seven great black yews." Purely for their own pleasure, both men wrote in their diaries (the passages are too long for quotation, but they make an intriguing comparison) strong and delicate descriptions of the shapes and changing hues of clouds at sunset.

Again, the coincidence is perhaps not total. The love of God and the love of nature were very powerful forces in the Victorian age. It was to be expected that each of these forces should express itself most searchingly when it was combined with the other in a single creative mind. Wordpainting, Hopkins himself observed, was the great success of his own day in the verbal arts: second-rate writers now could do it better than first-rate writers of the past. Hopkins is indeed a superb wordpainter—no poet surpasses him for precise and penetrative natural description—but he is much more than that, because he has this capacity under the control of a powerful intellectual and religious system.

Hopkins is very ascetic and very sensuous. In an early poem, *The Habit of Perfection*, written in his undergraduate days, he revels in the paradox, describing the renunciation of the pleasures of the senses in language that smacks its lips over what is to be renounced:

> Be shellèd, eyes, with double dark
> And find the uncreated light:
> This ruck and reel which you remark
> Coils, keeps, and teases simple sight.

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Palate, the hutch of tasty lust
Desire not to be rinsed with wine:
The can must be so sweet, the crust
So fresh that come in fasts divine!

As an undergraduate Hopkins was taught by Walter Pater, became friendly with him, and resumed the friendship on his return to Oxford as a curate. At first sight it is surprising that Hopkins should have been drawn to this notorious prophet of the decadence, with his agnosticism, aesthetic dandyism, and language of homoerotic innuendo, but he may have liked his fascination with "sensuous austerity": with an art—like that of the Greek sculptors—that seems to enchant the senses in the very act of chastening them. And Hopkins is in his own way an aesthete, a gourmet of the senses. Both men, certainly, in their different fashions, are concerned to pursue and to capture the special, individual quality of particular moments of experience.

Still, despite *The Habit of Perfection*, there is not really any conflict in Hopkins between his search for God and his love of the physical world. His sense of the world was always strongly sacramental. While still an Anglican, he told a friend that "the great aid to belief and object of belief is the doctrine of the Real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. Religion without that is somber, dangerous, illogical, with that it is ... *loveable*." One of his heroes was John Henry Newman, the great convert of the preceding generation, but whereas Newman dithered for years about quitting the Church of England and eventually justified his departure with crabbed pedantries about ecclesiastical authority in the fourth century, Hopkins's path to Rome was quick and natural.

There is no mystery about why Hopkins became a Catholic: he could not do otherwise. Some Catholic converts have been much engaged with ritual or authority or ultramontanism, but there is no sign that these things meant much to him. What mattered was God's entry into the world through the mediation of the Church. He once embarrassed a congregation by telling them, in a gloriously and absurdly sensuous image, that the Church was like a cow, with the sacraments as its seven udders.

Hopkins realized his sacramental vision of nature through a kind of Christianized Platonism. Indeed, he ranked Plato as the most famous of those very few men who are recognized "as having had something happen to them that does not happen to other men, as having *seen something*." Another of these visionaries, he said, was Wordsworth, whose Platonizing *Immortality Ode* he extravagantly admired. Now the grand paradox of Platonism is that it both exalts and diminishes the world that we perceive with our senses. On the one hand, the physical, palpable world is mere appearance, only a faint shadow of the world of forms that it so imperfectly embodies. On the other hand, Platonism invests the physical world with a larger splendor, since the beauties known through the senses are not only delightful in themselves, they are also the incarnation of a vastly greater beauty, pure, eternal, and divine.

"Thrush's eggs look little low heavens," he wrote in the sonnet *Spring*. Not "look like," but "look": the omission of the word Platonizes the picture. The eye may guide the spirit. It is not just that the blue eggs resemble the color of the sky in spring; the small beauties accessible to our senses are actually expressions of the heavenly beauty and a route toward it. Hopkins's Platonism is lucidly set out in *Pied Beauty*, which celebrates what a later poet calls "the drunkenness of things being various," the complexity and quiddity of natural objects: "dappled things," "rose-moles all in a stipple upon trout that swim,"

All things counter, original, spare, strange;
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows
how?)
With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle,
dim ...

Yet all this flickering multiplicity and diversity, incorrigibly plural though it be, is the expression of the immortal, immutable unity: all these things "He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change: Praise him."

Hopkins's search for the "sweet *especial* rural scene" (the phrase is from *Binsey Poplars*) allies him with a romantic and Victorian sensibility. Blake advised the would-be artist to stare at the knot in a tree trunk for an hour, and he scrawled in his copy of Reynolds's *Discourses*, "To Generalize is to be an Idiot. To Particularize is the Alone Distinction of Merit." Ruskin investigates, with passionate precision, the shape of a mountain, the curve of a leaf, the twist and texture of running water. In Ruskinian fashion, Hopkins had

> particular periods of admiration for particular things in Nature: for a certain time I am astonished at the beauty of a tree, shape, effect, etc.... The present fury is the ash, and perhaps barley and two shapes of growth in leaves and one in tree boughs and also a conformation of fine-weather cloud.

His diaries minutely analyze the form of water flowing over a weir, the color of water in a well, the gleam and shadow in the heart of a flower, the dappled silkiness of clouds at sunset.

Hopkins particularizes, but his distinctiveness is to direct his particulars to a general end also. He found a form of Catholic Platonism in the thirteenth-century scholastic philosopher Duns Scotus, for whom he developed a lively personal devotion. In *Duns Scotus's Oxford* he begins with the city's beauties:

Towery city and branchy between towers;
Cuckoo-echoing, bell-swarmèd, lark-
charmèd, rook-racked, river-rounded;
The dapple-eared lily below thee;...

"River-rounded" because the Thames flows round the west and south sides of the city, the Cherwell to the east; but why

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"rook-racked"? Because until the 1970s, when the elms died, there was a rookery, a rarity in the heart of a town, in St. Mary Magdalen's churchyard, next to Balliol. Hopkins's sense of Oxford is so particularized that one could deduce from this poem not only that he had studied there, but which his college had been: only a Balliol man would associate Oxford with rooks. As for the dapple-eared lily, that must be the snakeshead fritillary, a rare and beautiful wild flower that grows in great abundance in the Cherwell watermeadows. These niceties slip through even the fine mesh of Norman MacKenzie's notes in his grand edition of the poems, a noble monument of devoted scholarship. But in any case they are not the poem's ultimate goal: the city's walls and waters are the particular setting for Duns Scotus's explorations of eternal truth.

Outward beauty, Hopkins said, is in nature a sure proof of inward beauty; and he told Bridges, "I think ... no one can admire beauty of the body more than I do." Hopkins seems at ease with the body, in this too unlike Newman. (One wonders also what he thought of the grim puritanism of Irish Catholicism in his day; there seems to be no evidence.) There is an unpleasing passage in Newman's autobiographical novel, *Loss and Gain*, when the hero in a shop catches sight of a young clergyman with his new bride, love in their eyes, joy in their voices: "Charles had a faintish feeling come over him; somewhat such as might beset a man on hearing a call for pork-chops when he was seasick." Hopkins could never have written that. He admitted to a "kind of spooniness and delight over married people." "I like men to marry," he told Bridges, and confessed that the single life was not altogether a natural life.

His brother's engagement inspired him to begin work on an exuberant *Epithalamion* in the couple's honor. It describes how a listless stranger—this was written in the dark Irish days—walking in a luxuriantly wooded combe comes upon a group of boys bathing and diving riotously in a pool. Most of Hopkins's pictures have no people in them, but here for once we meet that delight in young life that so constantly animates Kilvert. After some forty lines of ecstatic description, the poet checks himself: these earthly things have a sacred meaning; the wooded valley represents wedlock, the water married love.

Here the poem breaks off. Martin thinks that Hopkins gave up at this point because the allegory was weak, and he could not make it work. That may be so, but what is significant is that he should make the attempt at all. Martin's notion that the poem is a purely pagan hymn to physical beauty that comes unstuck when Hopkins tries for a figurative meaning seems too unsympathetic and in the end limited. The poet's innocent sensuality (Martin's nice phrase) is not ignorant: his assertion is that all this "paganism" is indeed Christian, that the beauty of nature and spiritual reality and the sheer self-delight of the body are all good and may all be one.

It has usually been supposed that Hopkins was homosexual, and Martin essentially agrees, but his own evidence may cause one to doubt the sureness of the verdict. It is at least certain that on some occasions he was physically attracted to women. As a young man, when he toyed with the idea of a career as an artist, he worried that painting the nude might put a dangerous strain upon the passions. In a private spiritual journal he confided, "Temptation to adultery of the heart with Mrs. Gurney." Martin comments that "his unconscious insistence on the heart rather than the body suggests that the temptation may have been less than compelling physically"—an odd misunderstanding of the biblical phrase. (When Jimmy Carter told *Playboy* that he had committed adultery of the heart, he was not confessing to a lack of sexual drive.)

Martin devotes a good deal of space to a young man called Digby Dolben, accepting the view that he was the great love of the poet's life. Hopkins met him when he visited Oxford for a few days and never saw him thereafter; Dolben was drowned in a swimming accident at the age of 19. He was personable, brave, eccentric, and fervently religious in a style much like Hopkins's own—a Tractarian drifting toward Rome; and he also wrote poetry. It is impossible to say now whether he would have developed into an oddity or something remarkable. He once turned up to see Newman in Birmingham wearing a friar's habit, barefoot and covered with mud, having been pelted by the populace in the streets, and his face was radiant with joy.

Many people were charmed by him, and it is no wonder that Hopkins was greatly taken with a young man who shared his own interests. But there seem to be no adequate grounds for believing in a grand passion. In fact, Hopkins could be quite cool about him. When he heard about the Birmingham adventure, he remarked, "I do not know whether it is more funny or affecting to think of." When Dolben died, Hopkins told Bridges that he could not feel that his death was anything to him, as he had met him only once; and a little later he concluded that "there was a great want of strength in Dolben—more of sense." It does not sound like the language of love.

Dolben apart, the evidence is thin. Hopkins was usually honest and open about himself, and there are things in his letters that one may doubt that he would have written had he been conscious of homosexual feelings. As for unconscious feelings—well, there is enough of that in Victorian literature, and one begins to get a nose for it; but the signs in Hopkins seem pretty scant. The "downdolphinry and bellbright bodies" of *Epithalamion* might be a pederast's fantasy, but they might equally be the free-hearted expression of a man with nothing to hide.

Hopkins was the most intellectual English poet, as a poet, since Milton. He felt obliged, on theological grounds, to consider Milton "a very bad man," but as a poet he admired him beyond measure, and his ambition was that his own verse might one day become Miltonic (which may surprise those who see him merely as a poet of nature, or of personal anguish). The touchstone of the highest and most living art, he thought, was "seriousness; not gravity but the being in earnest with your subject—reality"; and *Paradise Lost* surpassed *Faust* and even the *Divine Comedy* in being "most seriously taken." At the same time Milton was the greatest master of style among English poets, and had the finest ear; his transcendent merit was to convey urgency of meaning through the most beautiful and expressive sound.

Hopkins himself is a very musical poet, not in the sense in which Tennyson is musical, but in the sense of composing poetry in the way that music is composed. His own accounts of his verse are full of musical terms: "diminuendo," "counterpoint," "flow in one long strain to the end of the stanza." (It is disappointing that his actual music should have been so dire, if we may judge from the small sample printed by Phillips.) Of *Spelt from Sibyl's Leaves* he wrote, "This sonnet should be almost sung: it is most carefully timed in *tempo rubato*." His most ambitious poem, *The Wreck of the Deutschland*, constantly suggests to the reader, to a degree rare in verse, the different speeds at which it should be heard, presto for example in the third stanza:

> I whirled out wings that spell
> And fled with a fling of the heart to the heart of the Host.
> My heart, but you were dovewinged, I can tell,
> Carrier-witted, I am bold to boast ...

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And *andante alla marcia* in the fifteenth:

> Hope had grown grey hairs,
> Hope had mourning on,
> Trenched with tears, carved with cares,
> Hope was twelve hours gone ...

In MacKenzie's extraordinary edition the poems appear (more or less) as Hopkins wrote them, covered with slurs, accents, pause marks. It does not look pretty on the page, but that is in a way the point: like musical notation, all these signs are means to an end, instructions for a performance that is intended for the ear, not the eye.

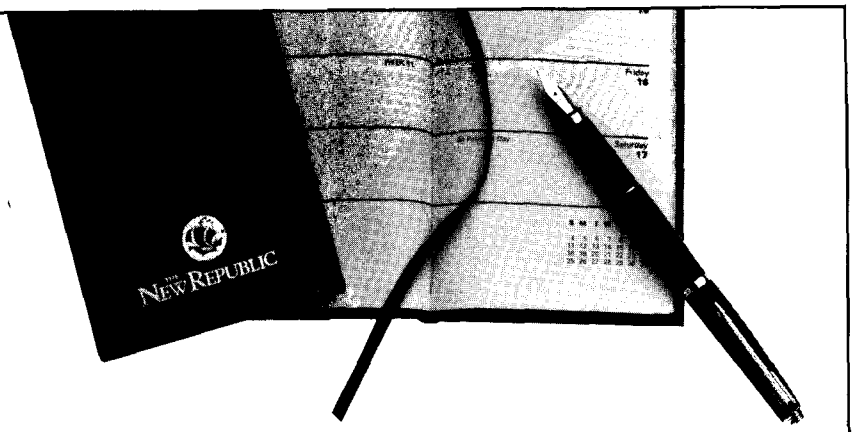
Hopkins's invention of sprung rhythm, by which two or three or more unstressed syllables may come between each stressed syllable, is analogous to musical construction, in which one beat may, for instance, be divided into two eighth-notes or a triplet or four sixteenth-notes. He reckoned himself that *The Leaden Echo and the Golden Echo*, a chorus for a projected play about St. Winefred, which never got beyond a couple of scenes, was the most musical thing that he had ever done. One moment in it has been compared to enharmonic modulation (where, without change of pitch, a note is given a change of harmonic meaning, so that, for example, the same note heard first as F sharp is now heard as G flat). The leaden echo ends, "Despair, despair, despair, despair"; and the golden echo answers, "Spare!" The sound is unchanged, but the key has modulated from minor to major.

The poem includes what must be some of the longest lines in English verse:

> How to kéep—is there ány any, is there none such, nowhere known some, bow or brooch or braid or brace, láce, latch or catch or key to keep
> Back beauty, keep it, beauty, beauty, beauty,... from vanishing away?

There is an extravagant musicality in this, a luxuriance of despondency; yet it is no more an empty melodiousness than good music is mere aural wallpaper. Hopkins seems to interrogate each noun, pressing at it for its significance. So many of his oddities of word and phrase, "plushy," "brickish," the bird's wing that "does so rinse and wring the ear," seem to be trying to break through the wall of language to the reality beyond, to be squeezing the words to extract every ounce of meaning from them. His verse is like music, and like Milton, in that sound and rhythm seem to be not just a decoration of serious, even spiritual meaning, but in some mysterious way the meaning itself.

Love, he said, is "the great moving power and spring of verse," and in the



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final judgment he seems to be essentially a poet of love and joy. What then of the Dark Sonnets? Bleak though these may be, they are in the best sense hedonism disappointed, appetite frustrated. The imagery of food recurs. The poet's spirit should be "selfyeast," but is soured by "dull dough," to the patient heart God "distills Delicious kindness," tasting of the honeycomb. Even despair is a "carrion comfort," on which the poet is tempted to feast.

From the depths of the abyss, he seems still to be striving up toward the pleasure that is, he suggests, man's proper possession. His very last poem was, fitly, written to Robert Bridges, the friend who would ensure his immortality. It is in a simpler style than is usual with him, and Martin makes the interesting suggestion that he was paying a tribute to his friend by writing more in his manner. In these last subdued and touching lines, he apologizes for lacking the "rapture of an inspiration," the birdlike flight and melody that should lift his verse: "The roll, the rise, the carol, the creation."

RICHARD JENKYNS is the author of *The Victorians and Ancient Greece* (Harvard University Press).

Urchins and Kings

BY EUGEN WEBER

The Vanishing Children of Paris: Rumor and Politics Before the French Revolution by Arlette Farge and Jacques Revel translated by Claudia Miéville

(Harvard University Press, 160 pp., $19.95)

In the year 1768, China was rent by visions of sorcerers who roamed the land stealing souls. By enchanting hair, clothing, or names written on paper, magicians caused their victims to sicken and die, after which they used their soul force to their own evil ends. Panics of the same order were to occur in 1810 and in 1876, when tales of scissorhanded paper manikins sent forth to clip the pigtails of the unwary led to the arrest, torture, and summary beheading of several occultists "in order to settle the minds of the people." But never had hysteria been so deep, panic so widespread as in the sorcery scare of 1768.

Philip Kuhn has recently written a book called *Soulstealers* about it, showing how terror spread through twelve great provinces, how it reflected social tensions, how it was eventually stifled by the authorities that had briefly used it to their own ends. And curiously another book, also published by Harvard University Press, the translation of a slender 1988 study by the well-known French scholars Arlette Farge and Jacques Revel, now comes to tell a rather similar tale of another contemporary popular disturbance fed on rumor, but one where the grounds for unease seem clearer and more specific, and where the resolution was more swift.

In May 1750 brawls and riots occurred in several parts of Paris, leaving behind some twenty dead and an unknown but large number of people injured. In the course of their confrontations with the police, crowds numbering in the thousands broke windows, forced doors and gates, stoned public buildings, ransacked stores for weapons, and tried to break into armorers' shops for guns. The violence and looting affected six different (though mostly contiguous) quarters; and terms like "riot," "revolt," "rebellion," "uprising," "insurrection" recur in the text. Riots were not unusual in eighteenth-century France, but these particular riots led to the setting up by Parliament (which was a law court with wide police powers) of a Commission of Inquiry that heard a great many witnesses and published its judgment on August 1, 1750. The judgment condemned four constables to reprimands and fines, and three rioters (including one 16-year-old) to the gallows: a sentence carried out on August 3 on the place de Grève, in front of the Town Hall.

The notes of the Inquiry and the testimony that it gathered provide the core of Farge and Revel's book, which focuses in part on the pursuit and the murder of one police constable (or spy) named Labbé, whom the crowd accused of trying to snatch an 11-year-old child. And it is around children that the whole tale turns. The riots took place on May 22 and 23. A few days later, on May 29, 1750, the *Amsterdam Gazette* attributed what it called the popular uprisings in Paris to "false rumors spread by malicious individuals bent on disturbing the public peace by claiming that some people had been ordered to kidnap children." The rumors were not false; orders had indeed been given for children to be seized, and they went back some time, as did public concern about such doings.

Homeless and lawless people, not least street urchins, were a perennial problem in Paris, as in other urban centers. Since the beginning of the eighteenth century, proposals had been discussed and orders had gone out for the arrest of smugglers, prostitutes, beggars, vagrants, and young delinquents, who could be deported to help populate and exploit France's American colonies. As early as 1720, the public records show "uprisings" taking place against the King's Archers, one of whose jobs was to control the poor, and who were now accused of picking up all sorts of people indiscriminately in order to qualify for the bounties offered by the India Company. More or less casual pickups, round-ups and kidnappings continued. Witness the Abbé Prévost's *Manon Lescaut*, which is about transportation to Louisiana. Written in 1731, *Manon* was republished in 1753, this time separate from the longer work in which it had first appeared.

In the eighteenth century as in all others, cities attracted people as magnets do iron filings; and Paris was no exception. Excess mortality, especially among the young, who died like flies (one in two babies did not live out its first year), was counterbalanced only by the inflow of country folk looking for work or aid. When times were hard, when grain was short, that flow of people increased and with it the discussion about how to deal with the flotsam that it carried. Folks more miserable than usual flooded into the towns in 1747 and 1748, which had been years of famine. Suddenly Paris was full of vagrants, "tramps, layabouts, rascals, and other vagabonds," idle, mischievous, dangerous.

In 1747 a new lieutenant general (that is, chief) of police had been installed: Nicolas-René Berryer (the infamous "Mr. Butterman"), a creature of the king's mistress, Madame de Pompadour. An energetic officer, and like all new brooms keen to prove himself, Berryer was soon denounced as insolent, hard, brutal, and as hated as the Royal

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Favorite, his patron. In November 1749, in the name of the king, the lieutenant general had issued yet one more stern edict on the arrest of beggars and vagrants. Almost at once, a contemporary diarist can be found noting that people were being abducted from Paris streets. François Barbier, a man of law, was skeptical to begin with: constables in disguise were *said* to roam certain districts, he recorded, but such rumors might be no more than "people's fairy tales." Yet he was soon noting as a fact the abduction of a child, and trying to understand just what was going on.

Barbier was not alone. The public peace, it seemed, was under threat. Were the malign forces menacing it those "malicious individuals" that the *Amsterdam Gazette* chose to write about, or were they simply constables who shanghaied folk because they were paid for them on a bounty system? The latter, Farge and Revel answer: it was police misconduct that sparked the popular riots, and more especially the lack of discrimination that plainclothes men showed in making their arrests.

Parisians seem to have raised little objection to the nabbing of beggars and other disturbing elements. It was when constables, carried away by greed and eager to execute Berryer's orders, began to pick up the children of artisans and the bourgeoisie that trouble started. The evidence shows that children had been taken while playing in the street, sometimes under their mother's eyes and despite their protests, returning from school or from catechism, running an errand. Some were very young: a 9-year-old is mentioned, an 11-year-old delivering a letter, even two little girls of 5 and 8. Like impounded cars today, the arrested children could be released for a consideration; but it took time and cash. Meanwhile the arresting officer, who had already got his bounty for seizing his prey, got paid again to let them go.

Police venality was not quite the issue (all legal business was venal in those days, when magistrates themselves bought and sold their office), though excessive venality surely irked. The real trouble was the police themselves. In 1708 a new body of police had been established, depending on the lieutenant of police, not on Parliament: a pretty opportunity for friction between two jurisdictions that surfaced in 1750 as on other occasions. But jurisdictional disputes were secondary. Unlike the long familiar Archers, or the equally familiar commissioners of police (*commissaires de quartier*), the new plainclothes inspectors were unrelated to a particular street or neighborhood, but roamed the city "to preserve public order" by spying and pouncing on anyone who caught their eye or ear.

Most of them, like some of today's policemen, were gamekeepers turned poachers, not above exploiting the public they were supposed to guard. And in a day when distinctive uniforms were rare, their civilian garb gave folk the impression of an invisible network of informers, narks, and snoopers working for alien public powers. Good authorities were expected to act out in the open, not out of public sight, make clear the reason for their acts, and not abuse their powers—at least not too much. This was not the way the new police appeared to operate.

Here, then, are the ingredients of the trouble: a new police force, more brutal and corrupt than the familiar one, interfering in everyday affairs and making arrests far too zealously, not only among the riffraff who found few defenders, but also among the children of ordinary folk.

Riots were recognized parts of the social scene: calls for redress of wrong that had gone past bearing. The chastisement of men like Labbé was a collective act of retribution carried out publicly, in the street. He was chased, and eventually beaten to death, not by outlaws but by irate women, artisans, ordinary working folks, as well as by street people. The trades of the resentful bourgeois who gave chase or watched it provide a catalog of respectable activities: master baker, box maker, pin maker, fruit merchant, button maker, watchmaker, spur maker, rope maker, seamstress, laundress, porter, saddler, cobbler, clerk. Not all raised their hand in anger, but all were eager to settle scores with their new enemies, all able to discriminate between "good" and "bad" police. The good were the old authorities with whom one could reason; the bad were the newcomers who scandalously disrupted daily life, to which even very young children made important contributions as apprentices, trainees, gofers, or simple aides to their own parents.

One policeman testified in his own defense that he had taken more than sixty in the past few months, when he could have seized 300. But it was hard to tell one urchin from another. Further, as Berryer rather plaintively pointed out, parents often complained of their children's bad behavior and expected something to be done about it, then complained again when the children were detained as a favor. He had a point. Parents did frequently seek an unruly son's arrest in order to discipline him or to get him out of harm's way. We know, for instance, that the

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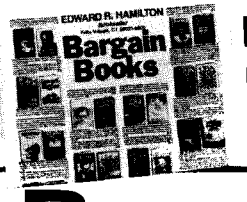

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mother of the 19-year-old Antoine de Saint-Just had him arrested (for stealing her silverware) and kept for six months in prison in 1786, only a few years before he became one of the leaders of the Revolution. And we know that the lieutenant of police in office at the time was most reluctant to execute her wishes.

But there was a difference between young people taken into custody at their parents' behest and others seized in street, square, at tollgates, or even in their homes, by men in plainclothes, to be carried off in closed carriages to an unknown fate. In those cases, and there were too many of them for comfort, people talked; and what they talked about provides Farge and Revel with their final clue. For the epidemic of kidnappings fed into a diffuse anxiety and dissatisfaction, and suggested that perhaps the children were being stolen for their blood.

Tales were circulating in midcentury Paris of blood baths that were meant to cure some unnamed prince (or princess) suffering from leprosy. By the eighteenth century, leprosy was less a serious medical hazard than a symbol and a mark of sin. Bad, diseased blood, the blood of sinners, could only be cured by pure, young blood. A respected Jesuit's history of France, published under Louis XIV and constantly reprinted (its thirteenth edition dates from 1755), told how Louis XI, a cruel, sick, *bad* king, had tried to stem his bodily decay by drinking the blood of children. In popular lore, Herod's Massacre of the Innocents had followed the same purpose. Now the king was being called a Herod.

The latter-day Herod was Louis XV. In 1744, when Louis lay dangerously ill at Metz, he had still been "the well-beloved." Then, in 1745, Pompadour entered the picture and Louis XV was discovered to be weak, idle, profligate, selfish, dissolute, and cruelly indifferent to the sufferings of his people. Scurrilous libels proliferated. The people no longer loved their king, and their disaffection showed in statements that witnesses made before the Parliamentary Commission of Inquiry. Police were the main target of the threats quoted; but some of them referred to their master too, and they sound oddly prophetic of what was to happen to Louis XV's grandson, Louis XVI, two score years later, in October 1789. "It would be a good idea to go to Versailles and dethrone the king." Better still, "Our women of the *Halles* should get together, go out to Versailles, dethrone the King, and tear his eyes out."

The antagonism between Paris and its king was mutual. Henceforth Louis XV stayed out of the capital whenever he could. "Why should I show myself to the wicked populace who call me a Herod?" So, to go from Versailles northward to Compiègne, Louis had a road built through the Bois de Boulogne that became known as *le chemin de la révolte*, because it avoided rebellious Paris. The rioters of May 1750 were settling scores, then, not just with the police, but also with the king. A society that was poor, overcrowded, and underfed came to project its powerlessness in accusations as extravagant as those made by their near-contemporaries in China.

The abductions of 1750 were to seep out of public memory. Thirty years later chroniclers once again referred to them as rumors "that may or may not be true." But rumors highlight areas of anxiety, and they afford release for social hostilities. They function in the same way in our own age, too. In May 1969, in the morose aftermath of May 1968, the city of Orléans, less than 100 miles from Paris, was abuzz with rumors of local girls and housewives drugged in the dressing rooms of local fashion stores and kidnapped to be sold to white slavers in exotic places. The six businessmen affected were all Jewish, the owners all newcomers to the old provincial center, and their boutiques were more modern and attractive than those of more old-fashioned retailers. Only a concerted offensive of the local authorities and political parties put an end to the panic. But the myth resurfaced in other provincial towns such as Amiens, and Bordeaux (where I then lived), before disappearing, undoubtedly to resurface elsewhere.

Anxiety exists in all times and places. It often finds its fuel in fears of deprivation, some founded in objective fact, some in fantasies that reflect (more or less dimly) their hidden inspiration. Americans today would like to be immortal. Some of their more obtrusive anxieties hinge on fat folks' fantasies of vitality and eternal youth. The panic in 1989 about the pesticide Alar wasted a lot of good apples, all in case some members of the nervous classes should miss the four score and ten to which they feel entitled. Many present cults and fads reflect the anxieties of those deprived of true material anxieties like hunger, impending mortality, or serious physical danger.

But that was not so in eighteenth century France. Farge and Revel do not touch on this, but France in 1750 lay between two ruinously costly wars: 1741-48 and 1756-63. It was torn by one more fiscal crisis and by violent public controversy, with parliaments, nobility, and clergy challenging the attempt to impose new royal taxes intended to place the budget on an even keel. In 1751 the enemies of reform (and of Madame de Pompadour) prevailed; and that, quite likely, is why there was a French Revolution in 1789. Perhaps the riots and the Inquiry that followed, with Parliament's victory over clumsy, officious Berryer and his meddlesome minions, had something to do with all that. Or perhaps it was just that Louis XV's weakness triumphed over his (and Pompadour's) good intentions. Did he really say, "After us, the deluge"?

EUGEN WEBER is the author most recently of *My France: Politics, Culture, Myth* (Harvard University Press).

Herod

The murder of sons? Egyptian motif,
a taste I acquired with the throne—
vivid, expedient in the extreme.
Naturally, I began with my own:

two sons, left alone, become two kings.
Could you expect me to leave them alone?
I've learned what lasts if I've learned at all.
Dead sons, granted, but with some renown.

As for my mother? And my wife? Harmless?
Such wombs make kings, save in the tomb.
Shall we say I helped them be harmless?
These chambers are cold; I keep warm.

Regrettable measures, perhaps, but taken;
all of which has left me quite alone.
Hence the two hundred, all of them sons,
bound by the sword to batten down

this monument, to lend a more enduring
radiance, even now, to my pyre.
See how this heat consumes centuries,
how these embers dance—music of my fire—

and tender a fair host of mourners
into the bargain. So, the removal of sons
and of the threat of sons? One way to honor
the otherwise forgettable, all my own.

And when Israel is dust, when the weather
of ages erodes the holy in their bins,
I daresay you will remember, with these,
forever my offering to the innocents.

SCOTT CAIRNS

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flack, a few days later, I told her the focus had changed, and I explained this same evolution to Mr. Moyers at the beginning of our interview.

And yes, the interview took place on the phone. I would have been happy to meet Mr. Moyers in person, but on the weekday afternoon in question, I simply could not afford the three to four hours it would have taken me to get to Mr. Moyers, who was briefly in Washington, conduct the interview, return to my office, and meet my daily deadline. Maybe conducting the interview on the phone rather than face to face worked to the detriment of Mr. Moyers, an acknowledged master of the visual, but at the time he expressed no preference either way.

I apologize for dwelling on such tedious details, but any reader who survives Bill Moyers's "Advertisement for Myself" will discover that I have nothing on him when it comes to tedium. Stripped of the artful irrelevancies that Mr. Moyers offers in mitigation, most of what is written there simply confirms what I wrote in my article. (Ditto Tony Schwartz's letter, by the way.)

Two factual points alone require amplification. Mr. Moyers says that he never knew Martin Luther King was the subject of FBI bugging. I didn't say he knew. I did point out that he disseminated widely within the Johnson administration the FBI's ill-gotten material on Dr. King. That material was extremely personal and precise—including detailed accounts of conversations and other activities that took place in Dr. King's bedroom—and it's difficult to imagine someone perusing it without drawing the inference. But as Mr. Moyers likes to point out, the '60s were a long time ago, and he was but a pup (only 30).

Mr. Moyers also writes that the words "sexual histories" never crossed his or President Johnson's lips when, on Mr. Johnson's instruction, he ordered FBI agent Deke DeLoach to investigate Goldwater staffers following the arrest of Johnson aide Walter Jenkins. Considering that President Johnson wanted the information to retaliate against Goldwater staffers for "setting up" Mr. Jenkins on a morals charge, and given the salacious nature of the information that Mr. DeLoach and J. Edgar Hoover routinely offered the White House on Johnson's political enemies, it's unlikely that Mr. DeLoach thought he was supposed to run a credit check. As Curt Gentry writes in his encyclopedic *J. Edgar Hoover: The Man and the Secrets*, "DeLoach was ordered to comb Goldwater's staff for derogatory information, but a quick check of fifteen names taken out of the Senate telephone directory got nowhere." Perhaps a credit check would have been more fruitful.

In any case, when instructed to use the nation's top law enforcement agency for political advantage, Moyers followed orders—just like those Watergate drones and Iran-contra heathen he has publicly and piously vilified in the intervening years. After talking to Mr. DeLoach, he says, he forgot about the request. And for a very long time, too. It was never mentioned in Mr. Moyers's Emmy-winning, Watergate-era television investigations of FBI abuse, nor in his later comprehensive broadcasts on the extra-constitutional "secret government." And notwithstanding the confessional tone of Mr. Moyers's *Newsweek* article (March 10, 1975), his memory wasn't publicly jogged until February 1975, when the incident was finally brought to light by then Deputy Attorney General Laurence Silberman, who cited it as a particularly egregious use of law enforcement for partisan purposes. Which was my point, too.

There are other items in Mr. Moyers's advertisement that are, to speak generously, matters of interpretation. Joseph Campbell's antagonism toward ethical religion is not one of them. Anyone who doubts this need only consult his vast writings on Judaism and Christianity, or, for a shortcut, turn to page 31 of the book *Power of Myth*, where he called "ethical laws" "out of date"—right in front of Bill Moyers. And for any reader who would like to take Mr. Moyers's bet about his treatment of the 1970s evangelical movement, I recommend you lay hands on his CBS broadcast of September 26, 1980, which he closed like so: "So they're being misled, these people, by the manipulators of politics masquerading as messengers of heaven, and their hearts will be broken by false gods who, having taken the coin of their vote or purse, will move on to work the next crowd.... Some majority. Some morality." Can we expect Mr. Moyers soon to undertake a similarly objective appraisal of the men's movement?

As for Mr. Moyers's panel of "impartial editors," I'm happy to escape their ministrations; the tender and unfailing solicitude with which America's editors have treated Mr. Moyers for twenty-five years—no "contrarian voices" for them—doubtless accounts for his shock, and his subsequent apoplexy, at reading a piece that criticizes him. But I am a bit miffed to have missed the chance for a duel.

Guilt-free

To the editors:

Norman Manea's article on Mircea Eliade, "Happy Guilt" (August 5), is on the whole an accurate and well-informed assessment of Mr. Eliade's relationship to the Iron Guard and Romanian "fascism" in the 1930s. Two dates, however, are wrong: Nae Ionescu and Mr. Eliade were imprisoned in 1938, not 1940, and Gogu Radulescu was beaten in early 1937, not 1940.

A more serious error is the impression left by Mr. Manea that Mr. Eliade shared the anti-Semitism of the Guardists. Although Mr. Manea does not explicitly make the accusation of anti-Semitism, one comes away from the article assuming Mr. Eliade is guilty of it. This, I am convinced, is not so. In my book (*Mircea Eliade: The Romanian Roots*) I am at pains to establish this point, on very textual evidence (numerous writers have asserted the opposite). Mr. Eliade, it is true, did not undertake to defend himself from accusations of this sort in his later years, but this was his "style"; after leaving Romania he never engaged in polemic or apologetics regarding any aspect of his work or thought. Perhaps he considered it beneath his dignity to do so, or maybe he simply regarded apologetics as a waste of his precious time.

MAC LINSCOTT RICKETTS
Louisburg, North Carolina

Norman Manea replies:

The two dates mentioned by Mr. Ricketts are, of course, 1938 and 1937. As Mr. Ricketts acknowledges, I did not accuse Mr. Eliade of anti-Semitism. I did not deal with this problem in my essay. I would like to believe that Mr. Eliade was not an anti-Semite. Still, as a supporter of the Iron Guard, which was a fanatically anti-Semitic movement, Mr. Eliade was at the very least ambiguous in this matter and needed, in my view, to clarify this ambiguity even after the war. Surely after the Holocaust such a clarification should have been unavoidable. •

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NEW YORK DIARIST

Peculiarities

WAS IT A WARNING? AN INSULT? OR both? Not long ago I came home one afternoon and found the front door of our apartment unlocked. My wife was away that day: I had been the last one to leave. I thought that I really must be going dotty, to walk out of an apartment, things being as they are in Manhattan, and forget to lock both locks behind me. I went in and saw that a window opening onto our terrace was up. Not opened by me. That explained the unlocked door at once. Someone had broken in and had left, eventually, by the front door. I looked out on the terrace and saw a footprint. The intruder had jumped down from the roof just above us. The window lock had been jimmied.

THEN, WITH A CALM THAT SURprised me, I went to see what had been stolen. Every drawer in my desk had been opened, a few papers were scattered, but nothing had been taken. Every drawer in the bedroom dresser had been opened. Nothing taken. Every drawer in the chiffonier had been opened. Nothing taken. Every drawer in the little jewelry chest had been opened. Nothing, as my wife later confirmed, taken. I had left a small wallet on the dresser, one that I put in my back pocket when walking. It had eight dollars in it. Nothing taken. And nothing taken from any closet.

IN A WAY I FELT ALMOST CHEATED—of the complete New York experience. Many of my friends had been burgled, and I had felt some of the sourness in the stomach that they were feeling, both at the violation of privacy and the loss. Were my wife and I to have only half the experience? I checked again, especially the few valuables in the place. There's no computer, but there's an electronic typewriter, a TV, a VCR, a few other things. I even checked some autographed first editions that I have, on the chance that the burglar was a manic bibliophile. Nothing had been taken. *Nothing.* I began to feel a streak of perverse irritation. Who the hell did that burglar think he (or she) was? Nothing in our place was good enough for him (her), eh? When my wife came home, she was first upset, then amused, then she, too, was a bit miffed. "What flops," she said. "We're not even worth robbing."

HAD SOMEONE DONE IT JUST TO tease us? Or to warn us? To promise us that the big heist was coming and that there was nothing we could do to prevent it? It crossed my mind that this might have been an inside job, so to speak. There's no way to get onto our roof or our terrace from a neighboring building. The burglar had to go up the fire stairs to the roof, then drop down to our terrace. Those stairs have a door at the top with a loud alarm that is supposed to sound when it's opened. That alarm can be turned off by someone who knows how. But the superintendent and the porters who work in this building are all reliable men whom we've known for years. It could not have been one of them. A mystery. I began to wake up in the middle of the night wondering about it.

NOW IT HAS BECOME WORSE. I'VE read recently that when government secret agents want to worry a person they're after, to pressure him into confessing, or into trying to flee, they break into his place and make subtle changes: moving his furniture just enough so that he'll notice, washing a glass that he may have left unwashed, rewinding a cassette that has been left in the VCR. Now I'm trying to figure out why the CIA or the KGB or any such would be after me. My wife says I'll have to live with my problem: the only way it can be resolved is for the burglar to return and steal something. But even then, I said, we couldn't be sure that it was the same burglar. So, robbed in the future or not, I have one more unanswerable question to live with.

EVERY MORNING BEFORE BREAKfast, weather permitting, I walk twenty blocks in twenty minutes. Practically the only exercise I get regularly. My route is routine, with occasional variations: down Fifth Avenue from our Chelsea apartment house to Washington Square, around the park, and back up the other side of Fifth. Every morning I circle the park differently from the previous morning, one day clockwise, the next day counterclockwise. Just to keep things exciting. If I hold to my time frame, leaving the house around 7:30, I usually encounter many of the same people every day, jogging or walking—more briskly than I—around the park. They come the other way or they pass me from behind. I don't know any of these people, but by now I recognize them. What a collection. They remind me of what Federico Fellini said: when he hears complaints that he puts odd-looking types in his films, he'd like to hold a mirror up to the faces of the complainers.

SOME OF MY FELLOW EXERCISERS:
The Collapser. This elderly man, complete with Walkman, doesn't actually jog. He collapses forward on one foot after another. He always looks as if he's just saving himself from a fall to the pavement.
The Wind-up Woman. This small young woman, very grim, walks, moving her arms from side to side with stiff regularity, like a toy that has been let loose.
The Master and His Disciple. An elderly man who walks swiftly with a young woman. He has a foreign accent (I've heard in passing); she butters him up. NYU is on Washington Square, and I've fantasized that he's a professor, she's a doctoral aspirant.
The Colonel. My fantasy again. This is an erect, white-haired man with bristling mustaches who wears shorts in all but the most frigid weather, when he permits himself track pants. I think he despises the rest of us who are cowed by temperature changes.
The Figurehead. A young woman who jogs with her torso erect and motionless, with her legs moving evenly below her. She seems to sail along like the figurehead on a nineteenth-century ship, her legs a sort of paddle wheel.
The Star. A well-built young man who wears brief shorts and is often bare-chested. He tears around the park at near-racing speed, occasionally slowing to a jog. He knows, or hopes, that he is the cynosure of all mere exercisers' eyes.
The One-armed. I always hope to see her. A pretty young woman whose right sleeve is pinned up and who jogs with friends. She seems indomitable.
The Intellectuals. Two middle-aged women, always discussing some current hot topic as they walk past in shorts, very much *mens sana* in condescending quest of *corpore sano.*
Me. I don't see myself, of course, but Fellini would.

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